THE ITINERANT.

Mr Alderson with the author's best wishes, and most grateful acknowledgments

Preserve this

THE

ITINERANT,

IN

SCOTLAND.

VOL. VII.

BY S. W. RYLEY.

"The world's a stage,
"And all the men and women merely players;
"They have their exits and their entrances;
"And one man, in his time, plays many parts."
"SHAKSPEARE."

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DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF SEFTON,

My Lord,

Some writers consider titles as nicknames, bestowed more frequently on prostitution, than patriotism; they further hold, that the most valuable title, in the eye of an unprejudiced mind, is that of an *honest man.*

"The King can mak a belted Knight,
A Marquis, Duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might.
Gude faith, he manna fa' that."

Hereditary honours are your Lordship's undoubted birthright, and although, as Burns justly observes, Kings have not that superior title in their gift, yet, in a political and domestic point of view, bountiful nature has done, what Kings could not accomplish, by bestowing that valuable title on your Lordship.

From a knowledge of this, both by report and experience, I am led, though without permission, to take the liberty to dedicate the concluding three Volumes of the Itinerant to your Lordship.

Many are the unmerited favours I have been honoured with, which circumstance may have induced me, like a spoiled child of elder growth, to exercise in this proceeding, a degree of unwarrantable boldness, for which, I hope and trust, I shall meet with your Lordship's forgiveness.

DEDICATION.

If the following pages should afford your Lordship amusement, in hours of vacuity, the knowledge of it would add to the comfort your Lordship has so often lent a fostering hand to support.

My Lord, I have the honour to subscribe myself

Your Lordship's

Most grateful and obedient

SAM. WILL. RYLEY.

Liverpool, April 17th.

PREFACE.

At the conclusion of the second series of this Work, I entertained a faint hope that the Itinerant might, by some fortuitous circumstances, become stationary; and not be reduced to the painful necessity, of again introducing his private concerns on the public notice. But what is concealed in the womb of time no mortal can foresee—no science fathom. The same cause that produced the three first volumes, brought forth three more; and I still find myself impelled, by an iresistible impulse, called necessity, to publish three additional ones, by way of finale to

this long, but I hope not tedious, publication.

For this I have a threefold motive; and I confess the first and strongest, is a mercenary one. For though now in my seventy-second year, and experience, 'tis said, makes even fools wise, I have not, as yet, been enabled to learn any mode of supporting existence without money. Be it as it will, I trust I shall never *prostitute* my *opinions* to obtain it. Could I have done that, the probability is, that my declining life and faculties, would long ere this have found a shelter from the storms and tempests of adversity; but as I have lived, so will I die, in aiding and supporting, to the best of my power, what I conceive to be, the *principles* of *humanity*, *truth*, *freedom*, and *justice*.

My second motive is, what, perhaps, may be thought a bad one—a spirit of resentment—a heart-boiling contempt for fair-weather friends, inflated, pompous,

would-be great men, and Actors *off the stage.* Towards these, the only stiptic I can find for wounded feelings, is explanation, undisguised truth, and castigating retort; and in doing this, I have "set down nought in malice," but have endeavoured to give every puppy his pennyworth, and every dog his due.

My third reason, though last, is by no means the least influential; since it will develop the warm feelings of a grateful heart, towards a generous people, and a fascinating country.—I mean Scotland; the land of litertaure, and the soil of sociability. In that northern region I never met the blast that nips the bud of friendship, nor the chilling breeze that withers the hand of hospitality.

Having briefly stated the reasons that bring me again before the public, I shall endeavour to call into exertion the little talent I possess; talent, that, however small or trifling, has heretofore, I trust,

afforded some innocent, if not improving amusement to the readers of the Itinerant, and I am sure some employment to Plagiarists, and literary pirates; according to the Scottish proverb,

> "Fools mak feasts, and wise fok eat them,
> The wise mak jests, and fools repeat them."

The Itinerant.

CHAP. I.

THE DRAMATIST.

MY COT ON THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

When reflection draws nigh, the time now gone by,
  Through a life nearly three-score and three;
Those least I repent, are the days I have spent,
  At my cot on the banks of the Dee.

From the bustle and strife of a hard chequered life,
  My home was a heaven to me;
Care held down its head, even poverty fled,
  From my cot on the banks of the Dee.

A forty years' guest, most dear to my breast,
  From whose fetters I ne'er would be free:
Drives sorrow away, and makes cheerful the day,
  At my cot on the banks of the Dee.

The gay tinsel trash, of splendour and dash,
Cast a smile at my cottage and me;
"The fellow he's poor, but then to be sure,
He's a cot on the banks of the Dee."

Then they'd quiz, and they'd call my house 'pigmy hall,'
And walk off filled with mirth and high glee;
Yet I smiled at their spleen, as I sat on the green,
Of my cot on the banks of the Dee.

Fair, forty, and fat, beflounced, and all that,
A widow from—London may be;
With her glass stood and gazed, was vastly amazed,
At my cot on the banks of the Dee.

Oh 'twas wondrous neat! then the snug little seat
On the green overhanging the sea;
"What would I not give, with a *husband* to live,
At the cot on the banks of the Dee."

Next Sir William Haunch, with his Turtle-fed paunch,
Who takes *these here things as they be;*
Though racked with the gout, must have a look out,
At my cot on the banks of the Dee.

"Well I vow and declare, I'm quite pleased with *that there,*
And could I forego calipee;
By all that is good, I'd leave *Waithman* and *Wood,*
For the cot on the banks of the Dee."

A Manchester *mon*, full as e'er he could *crom*,
Of down*reet* and down-rump loyalty;
Swore he'd leave *Peterloo*, and the *cavildry* too,
For the cot on the banks of the Dee.

Says Sir Dennis Mahone, from near Inishone,
"To drink whiskey punch, or take tea;
Each spot I'd forsake, e'en sweet Killarney's lake,
For the cot on the banks of the Dee.

Cries Sandy "I query, ye ne'er ken'd Inverary,
Nor the bonny Toons Perth and Dundee;
Yet I mun say mysel, ane might live unco well,
At the cot on the banks of the Dee."

To this rural retreat, from pride and deceit,
'Tis a mental indulgence to flee;
And the wish of my heart, is in life ne'er to part,
From my cot on the banks of the Dee.

The above little effort truly describes the happy situation of my dwelling, and the enthusiastic state of my feelings when it was written. And as I am on the point of leaving, for a time not inconsiderable, my tiny cot, and the partner of all my joys and sorrows; it is my wish to impress upon the reader's mind the value I place on domestic comforts, and the great sacri-

fice made whenever necessity forces me to abandon it. This I know will not be generally believed; for very many of my acquaintance fancy that I seek the busy haunts of men through choice, and ramble as much for pleasure as profit. Mistaken idea! could I realize what would support our few remaining years, I should be content, nay happy in the most perfect retirement: my friends would then be convinced, that I frequent not towns and cities to indulge the vagaries of a wandering disposition; but to obtain a little of that pelf, without which existence is impossible.

In the summer of 1817, the second series of my eventful life was published; and during that period my little wife completed a novel which had for some time engaged her attention, called Fanny Fitz York. We likewise jointly wrote a dramatic piece, in five acts, under the title of the Castle of Glendowr.

Mr. Kean performed in the autumn, at Liverpool; and having a good opinion of

his judgment, I read him two acts, which appeared so far to meet his approbation, that he undertook to present it to the committee of management at the Drury-lane Theatre.

The commendation of a man, on whose judgment I placed the most implicit reliance, could not fail to buoy us up with hopes and expectations of future emolument. But as several weeks must elapse ere I could hope to hear from Mr. Kean, it became necessary that I should again quit my retirement, in search of those resources I had yet found no other method of procuring.

Accordingly I once more buckled on the galling armour of an Itinerant, and prepared to throw myself again upon the world. Wife and mother, dogs and cats, rural pleasures, and domestic comfort, were again exchanged for the noise and bustle of public places, and the necessary intemperance that cannot be avoided by a public character, who is held in any degree of estimation. Invitations from

respectable quarters cannot be negatived; although I can safely say that interest is my chief inducement on these occasions. I am fond, it is true, of cheerful society, yet eating or drinknig to excess were never my besetting sins: and the humble fare of my little cot, with the good-humoured smile of its mistress, are to me luxuries far more desirable, than the well-stored table and the rich viands of opulent hospitality.

"A plague light on this dross," said I, "this filthy lucre that severs the tenderest ties, and fixes our fate like the fiat of a Deity! In pursuit of it I flee from comfort to calamity—from tranquility to turmoil!"

Preston, in Lancashire, near which, as I formerly observed, my paternal ancestors dwelt, was generally my annual resort: and the assemblage of kind friends, for a night or two, to listen to my lecture, proved flattering to my mind and serviceable to my pocket. Towards this beautiful town then I proceeded, and my career commenced under favourable auspices. But alas!

fortune's smiles were seldom of long duration; and this was one of an assassin-like description, calculated to encourage the anticipation of coming good, only to render the future evil still more painful.

Nearly three months had elapsed since Mr. Kean volunteered his influence with the Drury-lane management; and all hopes on that subject were beginning to subside, when the following letter came re-directed from Parkgate; and which I think it necessary to insert, in order to convince my readers, that there was good foundation for the heavy expense I was about to incur:—

Manchester, Dec. 31*st*, 1817.

"Dear Romney,

In consequence of my friend Kean's late indisposition, Glendowr Castle has lain dormant longer than he intended. I this morning received a few lines from him, dated Ipswich, where he is now acting for six nights. If you can by any means make it agree with your present arrangements to visit London for a week or two, *I by all means recommend it.* It will not be much out of your way to come here on your

road to *success*. Still, as it will add a trifle to the expense, I would not wish it, if I had not a thousand things to say which cannot be committed to paper—*and all necessary to the furtherance of your views. This is no idle, visionary scheme: but bids fair, I think, to be one of the most substantial journeys you ever made.*

You will not believe how anxious I am for the success of the play. With compliments of the season to Mrs. R. believe me yours, most truly,

WILLIAM LOVEDAY."

That every man is naturally partial to the offspring of his own brain, will, I think, be generally allowed: and may, I conceive, not be inaptly compared to what a parent feels for his bodily progeny. And be the bantling ever so ricketty and deformed, the blemishes are either dimly seen or entirely overlooked.

Perhaps this was my case. But whether or not, my partiality was fully sanctioned by men of education and taste; and who ought moreover, to have had more than a superficial knowledge of the Drama, since the management and conduct of a national

Theatre was voluntarily undertaken by them.

The receipt of Mr. Loveday's letter conveyed a flattering unction to my soul, and raised the pulse of expectation to a feverish height. My Preston friends were warm in their congratulations, and immediate preparation was made for my journey.

Luckily my efforts had been, in a pecuniary point of view, successful; and aided by the sale of several copies of Fanny Fitz York, enabled me to depart without inconvenience to myself, or fears respecting the comfort of my little establishment.

How wonderfully fluctuating is the tide of human affairs! 'Tis true there are some men who seem to be heir-looms, or fixtures to the place they were born in; and, mill-horse-like, move but in one circle. How different has been my life! and what a contrast now presented itself! A fortnight ago, seated in my cottage, enjoying the height of human felicity—peaceful, domestic, rural comfort—now on my way to the metropolis, preparing to merge

into the vortex of public life, and plunge into the troubled sea of dramatic misery! But who could help it? Let the advocates for free-will say how it was to be avoided?

After travelling 214 miles, with stupid and uninteresting companions, I arrived at the Black Horse, in Fetter-lane, and fatigue produced a good night's rest. In the morning I prepared to wait on Mr. Kean, whose hospitality I was prepared to expect from Mr. Loveday's warm eulogiums, nor was I deceived: at his house in Clarges-street, he received me with the warmth of a friend. My Play had been read by the committee of Drury-lane Theatre, and met with general approbation: the public reading would take place, as soon as my arrival was announced; and in addition to this flattering and most welcome intelligence, he kindly insisted on me making his house my home, in every respect, except sleepiug there; Mrs. Kean's sister being on a visit, prevented his offering me a bed.

After breakfast he proposed an imme-

diate visit to the committee; accordingly his carriage was ordered, and we proceeded to the Theatre. Lord Yarmouth, Colonel Douglas, and Peter Moore, Esq. the acting committee, received me in the most friendly manner, and congratulated me, in highly flattering terms, on the probable success of my Play. "Now you are on the spot," observed Col. Douglas, "we can proceed with spirit; and the prompter shall have orders to call a public reading the earliest opportunity."

We next proceeded to the green-room, where many of my old friends welcomed me to town, and appeared really glad to see me.

Thus far I sailed before the wind. A prosperous gale filled the canvas of expectation, and I anticipated a safe anchorage in the port of prosperity. And now let me breathe awhile; for this scene, so crowded with interest—so far exceeding my most flattering expectations—almost deprives me of respiration even in the recital; what then must the reality have been?

Let any one capable of conceiving, picture to himself my past life, and present situation. After long and anxious but ineffectual struggles to obtain something like a competency; after buffeting fortune's roughest billows for forty years; after being called again from my little earthly Paradise to plough in the old furrows for a scanty maintenance; after all this, I say, to find, on a sudden, the cloud of calamity that had so long overshadowed me, dispersing before the sun-beams of probable success; gleaming to light declining existence to its eternal repose;—was to a mind tremblingly alive to pleasure and to pain, a source of exquisite feeling that no terms can picture—no words express. Nevertheless, I made the attempt, and in a long epistle to the cottage, added to its comforts by a detail of our flattering prospects;—painting Mr. Kean as a dramatic angel, sent by relenting fate, to save from superannuated want two beings, who, however undeserving in other respects, in feeling for the distressed, did as they would be done unto.

As we returned to Clarges-street I received a piece of advice from Mr. Kean that, I am sorry to say, I had not the prudence to follow.

"Romney," said he, "there is an adage trite but true, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' Make a bargain with the committee. They have read your play—they approve of it; and I have no doubt would contract with you for a handsome sum."

"Bray a fool in a mortar, and he will never be wise." I now reflect with sorrow on my own weakness, and wonder at my folly; yet something may be said in palliation. Mr. Kean had himself decided, in a letter to a friend, that "the Castle of Glendowr would have as great a run as the School for Scandal." Now though I never carried my imagination that length, yet I built upon its moderate success with a good foundation to rest upon; namely, the high encomiums of the gentlemen constituting the committee—men of taste, talent, and discernment; and whose judgment I held in the highest estimation.

I was well aware, too, of the profits of a successful play; and after pondering these things in my mind, I thought I should be wanting to myself, if I accepted a moderate remuneration—probably two hundred pounds—for what might, on a successful run, nett three times the sum.

Thus I reasoned, and left the thing to take its chance; and soon very soon—I had reason to cry out, Woe be to the hour when I slighted good counsel, and turned a deaf ear to wholesome advice!

The kindness and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Kean, for a considerable time after my arrival, will ever live in my remembrance. And for the coolness that eventually took place, I can no otherwise account than by attributing it either to caprice, or to a naturally vacillating disposition,, that wavers as fortune smiles or frowns on the object before us. Certain it is, I never gave cause of offence either in word or deed; and as matters have turned out, I feel pleasure in reflecting how seldom I taxed his hospitality.

In fact, I very soon discovered that Mr.

Kean was surrounded by people who flattered, and fed his vanity, for the sake of the good cheer he gave them; and as this mode of creeping into favour was not to my taste, I soon became disgusted, and resolved to join the venal crew as seldom as possible.

The first day I dined in Clarges-street, I was introduced to Miss Ann Peartree, a lady of literary notoriety, but stiff, stately, and reserved. Far from contributing to the harmony or happiness of the group—as well-informed females generally do—what little could be elicited, fell from her lips as though each word had been weighed in the balance of scholastic prudence, and as if to speak in an audible voice were a crime.

To me, who sometimes, imprudently enough, dash at every thing for the sake of cheerfulness and reciprocal information, this formal, whispering, waxwork concern, was irksome enough; so I made my bow as soon as decency permitted, and took my way to Northumberland-street, Strand,

in hopes of procuring my old lodgings at Mrs. Wakefield's, of whom honourable mention has been made in the former volumes of this work. In this I was disappointed. Her house was full.

She, however, kindly recommended me to a respectable house in the neighbourhood; and, comfortably situated, I began to reflect on the strange vicissitudes of my past life; and most sincerely to thank Providence for the probable change that was likely to take place in our circumstances; with the heavenly anticipation of having it in my power to render comfortable the declining years of Ann, and the venerable age of her truly respectable parent.

The remainder of the evening was filled up by castle-building;—how to dispose of the profits of my play, which, according to my computation, would amount to six hundred pounds—to the best advantage. One hundred I devoted to improving the comforts of my cottage at Parkgate, of which I had a lease; the other five were

to be sunk for an annuity, which, at our advanced period of life, might produce something like an existence for the remainder of our days, and enable me to sit down in peace, and trouble the world with a happy termination of these memoirs.

A worthy, and highly lamented friend of mine, used to say, that our happiest hours were spent in castle-building; and I believe he was right; for I am sure no *reality* could *exceed* the *fancied* happiness of this evening. *Exceed*, did I say? The realization of my plans must necessarily have been attended with care, and trouble, and anxiety: whereas my peep into futurity was divested of every thing that could lessen enjoyment. All was smooth, and prosperous, and tranquil; what a pity it was not substantial, although care, and trouble, and anxiety had come in its train!

CHAP. II.

The green-room of a respectable theatre is one of the pleasantest things imaginable. I believe I have said this, or something very like it before, but let it pass; and that of Drury-lane was at this period peculiarly so. Lord Byron, Coleman, and many other writers and wits of the day, took their lounge there in an evening; and individuals of the committee, consisting generally of men of rank and talent, were found amongst the motley group. Indeed I conceive such scenes were a high source of enjoyment to those whose stations in life seldom permitted a free intercourse with the best and most talented part of the community—I mean the middle orders of society.

To an inquiring mind, and an inquisitive hunter after character, it was infinitely amusing to see Jobson's grimy visage

cheek-by-joul with that of Lord Yarmouth, who listened with more glee and satisfaction to the common-place observations of Munden, than he probably would have done to the more enlightened conversation of his equals in the drawing-room at Carlton House. To behold members of the British Parliament as consequentially ordering scene-shifters, tailors, and painters, as though the well-being of the nation had depended upon their present exertions; was something so entirely new to me, that I marvelled at it; and from wondering, passed to contemplating the different passions and pursuits that influence men's actions. Still, amidst all my ruminations, I could find no precedent to countenance these legislators in their managerial calling;—a calling they were as unfit for, as I should be to guide the helm of state. But it was the hobby-horse of this redoubtable committee; and so fond were they of riding it, that though the concern became every day worse under their inefficient management, they

would not resign the reins; but kept blundering through mud and mire, to the astonishment of their equals, and amid the ridicule and laughter of every well-informed son of Thespis.

It was nearly a month before my play could obtain a reading, on account of the Bride of Abydos, a tragedy then in rehearsal, from the pen of Mr. Dimond, of Bath. During this period, Mr. P. Moore made me free of the committee's box; so that between that and the green-room my evenings passed pleasantly enough; and I had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Kean in a range of his best characters.

Allowing for his imperfections—and they are not a few—I look upon him as a man of great and sterling professional genius. He disdains to tread in the steps of those who have gone before, without better reason, than that custom had rendered such and such modes familiar. He does not start and attitudinize, because Kemble and Cooke, and their predecessors, have done the same at any precise point of time.

He also avoids many of those clamorous exits that are more calculated to command applause than to convince the judgment. In short, he attempts something out of the common way, and his attempts are frequently successful. He tries to find a new, if not always a better road—and, I think, deserves credit for breaking the shackles of that dramatic despot, *Custom*.

It is in vain for his enemies—and where was there a successful man in any profession without them? to say he was bolstered up by orders; that a fortune was spent in puffs to support him; that persons were placed in certain parts of the house, to stand up at the conclusion of his performance, and with the loudest cheers, wave their hats in token of enthusiastic approbation. All this might have taken place; but if it did, I think it was without his knowledge. And let me ask those who cannot bear a rival in the public estimation;—who look with the green eyes of jealousy on the success of others;—let me ask them, I say, whether any actor—how-

ever supported by the press, or by managerial influence, ever yet maintained his ground before a London audience, without a foundation of substantial talent to stand upon? Facts are stubborn things. This man emerged from obscurity — burst through a host of enemies—pleased the public—and they have handsomely rewarded him.

The then acting manager of this Theatre, ———, I had known previous to his *debut* in London; and was totally unprepared for the grandeur and haughtiness he chose to assume. Inflated with the pride of office, this weak-minded man puffed and floundered about the stage, at rehearsal, like a Theatrical porpus rolling in the Dramatic flood.

Kean's unparalleled success had galled his envious soul; he became his inveterate enemy; and as I made my appearance under the avowed friendly patronage of Mr. Kean, it soon became apparent that I had nothing to expect but hatred and malice, and that every obstacle in the power

of an acting manager—and he is far from being powerless—would be brought forth against me. Unfortunately, too, he was left out of every consultation regarding my Play—for his interest was on the decline, and the gentlemen of the committee declared, in my presence, that they would wash their hands of him as soon as possible; and this was raising another barrier against me.

The day at length arrived for the first public reading. Messrs. Dowton, Johnson, Pope, Harley, Oxberry, Holland, Powel, Gattie, Wallack, Bernard, and Knight; Mesdames Glover, Robinson, Alsop, Sparks, Harlow, and Orger; all assembled in dreadful array; and the poor author, whose fate depended, in some measure, on the effect this reading might produce, accompanied by Mr. Kean, entered the green-room, with his MS.

Ambition, or the pride of literary fame, had little to do with my present feelings. For at any time during this eventful crisis, even when there was good reason to build

a sanguine expectation on the opinions of those who ought to have known something of the matter;—I would willingly—so sick had I long been of public efforts—have resigned all literary prospects, in a dramatic point of view, for a bare vegetating existence at my peaceful domicile: but fate had ordained otherwise.

Mr. Kean, with a view, no doubt, to my interest, as well as a wish to do all the the credit in his power to his own recommendation, undertook to read the first act; and this he did most excellently. He had nearly concluded, when the acting manager, whose business it was to superintend the reading of all new pieces, came into the room. But, instead of listening, he endeavoured to throw all the contempt he could upon the proceedings of the morning, by winks and quizzical nods, and wry faces; in short, by every means in his power to turn the whole into ridicule.

I now took the book to relieve Mr. Kean, although he politely offered to proceed; and the second act was at length

got through. *Got through*, I say. For I soon found that what may appear very well in the closet, bears a very different aspect, when read before critics, some of whom are not disposed to be very favourable. In fact, I feared the piece began to drag, and sink in interest; and after a most miserable couple of hours, during which the acting manager and some of the performers left the room, the former, no doubt, chuckling with joy that he could bear the happy tidings to the committee, that the new piece, on which Mr. Kean had lavished such encomiums, would not do;---after these miserable two hours, I say, chagrined and mortified beyond description, I retired to my lodgings with a heavy heart, and wrote the unpleasant particulars to Parkgate.

The same day I dined in Clarges-street, and the only words that dropped upon the subject that absorbed all my attention, were conveyed in an observation from my host.

"I think the play rather dragged in reading to-day."

"I am afraid it did," replied I, sorrowfully.

Miss Peartree was at the table; but seemed, as usual, so wrapped up in self and Mr. Kean's popularity, that neither I nor my concerns could elicit one spark of interest.

This was, indeed, a most miserable day; and so selfish is human nature, that my misery was increased by the apparent happiness of every one around me. Kean, in the midst of prosperity, and beset on every side by toad-eating flatterers, cared not for the morrow. Joy sat on every countenance but mine, and I felt like the stricken deer. My feelings excited no sympathy; and as I was unable to put on the mask of careless indifference, I took the first opportunity of retiring to my solitary lodging; for to attend the green-room as usual I had not courage. Whispers had, doubtless, gone abroad; and whether justified or not I should fancy a glance of contempt shot from every eye.

My mind had been so completely occu-

pied by the business that lured me up to town, that I have omitted to notice an interesting group who inhabited the drawing-room opposite to mine. But their introduction can no longer be withheld, unless I omit a rather whimsical occurrence, that for a time turned the course of my meditations, and routed the blue devils that threatened to overwhelm me.

The party consisted of an old lady, a native of Scotland, and her Irish man-servant. "A very pretty party, or rather a *group*," as it was before named, methinks I hear my critical readers exclaim. But stop a little; I have not done yet. For though the old lady and her servant were all the rational, or rather talking part of the family, I have two French Poodles to bring forward, who interested me uncommonly; and, in fact, were the means of introducing me to as canny a wee body as ever crossed the Tweed. She had given them the whimsical names of Skye and Mull; and, in addition to an uncommon degree of animal vivacity, they were remarkably beautiful.

Whenever these little animals could steal from their own apartment, if my door happened to be open, they were sure to pay me a visit, and their gambols frequently drove sorrow from my mind for the moment.

Not being in the general habit of returning at this hour, I found my fire very low; but as darkness suited my then state of mind, I threw myself on the sofa, and bitterly ruminated on the sombre prospect before me. It is no uncommon thing with me to vent my feelings in soliloquy, from the idea that it relieves an overcharged heart; and I was thus audibly employed, when a heavy sigh arrested my attention.

I certainly thought myself alone; and was sensibly hurt at having exposed the state of my mind, probably to a stranger; at all events, to one who could not make allowance for the irritable state of my feelings. I called; but no one answered. I arose, rubbed my eyes, and again listened. All was silent. I must have been deceived, said I, and resumed my former posture.

On the wings of imagination I fancied myself at Parkgate, condoling with the wife of my affection, and the mother of my esteem, on the probable failure of all our hopes and expectations.

As an antidote to this, I pictured the cheering spirits of Ann. She would, I knew, chide me for giving way to despair, and urge the ingratitude of doubting the kindness of Providence, after the multiplied instances of favour we had so often unexpectedly experienced.

A still heavier, and, to my imagination, a long stifled sigh, again issued from the same dark corner of the room; and was immediately followed by a noise, resembling a person falling from a chair; whilst a convulsive motion seemed to confirm the idea, that some one, deeply interested in my welfare, had witnessed my sensations, until overpowering feelings had produced a fit.

Vivid imagination, bound by neither time nor space, forms precipitate conjectures, on the impulse of the moment, with-

out weighing improbabilities. Mine was not inactive. The deep interest taken by this person in my concerns was evident, from the repeated sighs and apparent fit; and no being in existence could be open to such acute feelings on my account, except my wife; and she, probably, impelled by the almost certainty of my success, had come to town, agreeably to surprise me, and to be an eye-witness of our prosperous efforts.

This idea, quick as lightning, flashed on my mind; and rising with the utmost precipitation, I groped my way to the spot from whence the noise had proceeded, calling Ann—my wife;—but no answer was returned, and the silence of death surrounded me. I had not presence of mind to ring the bell; but began to feel about the carpet; and at length my hand came in contact with something as cold and as smooth as marble. Quickly I withdrew it, and convinced in my own mind that this was really my wife, and that life had departed with the last heavy sigh that fell

upon my ear, I was loud in my lamentations; so loud, indeed, that I alarmed my opposite neighbour, who opening her door to ascertain from whence the noise proceeded, her Poodles rushed out, and came barking into my apartment. Without fondling upon me, however, as was their usual practice, they barked, and growled, with unceasing energy; and fearful they might injure the corpse—for a corpse I undoubtedly thought there was—I called loudly for lights.

This combination of sounds still further alarmed the old lady; whose native economy made security of property her first principle, and the fear of an unlawful transfer her principal dread. She rang the bell violently, and accompanied it with the full force of her lungs, screaming out, "Murtoch! Murtoch! thieves! murder!

The whole population of the house were instantly assembled, and when the lights disclosed the interior concerns of my apartment, the cause of alarm was immediately ascertained; for the dogs were barking at,

and annoying, as much as they durst, a harmless, inoffensive turtle that lay sprawling on the floor.

This aldermanic feast, had been addressed to Mr. J. Romney, Northumberland-street—the people of the house had, by mistake, taken it in for me; and not knowing how otherwise to dispose of it until my return, they brought it to my room, and as is the cruel custom, placed it on its back. By an extraordinary effort it had fallen from the table, and thus my terrors on Ann's account were relieved.

Having ordered the poor turtle to be placed in a tub of water, which he seemed to enjoy in its utmost extent, I again threw myself on the sofa, and indulged in more pleasant reflections. Having consigned the disasters of the day to the tub with the water, I felt myself much inclined to laugh at my own folly and weakness.

The doors of my apartment and the old lady's being open, and exactly opposite, I could, as I lay, both hear and see what passed; and soon became interested by

the strong traits of national character observable in the mistress and her servant:

She was seated in a large elbow chair, with a snuff-box in one hand, and a small book in the other. I cannot describe her better than by stating, that she appeared at that distance the fac-simile of the old Scotch woman so inimitably portrayed by that unrivalled delineator of human nature —Mathews. Murtoch, who stood by her table, bore the resemblance of a stout hearty Irish peasant in his Sunday suit; and it awakened my wonder that the old gentlewoman could so far cast off national prejudice, as to chuse a native of Ireland for her attendant. The following dialogue gave me some insight into their respective characters.

"A fish de ye say, Murtoch? and hoo de ye ken that mon?"

"Why your honour must know——"

"Honour, again, Murtoch! Hoo mony times i' the day mun I correc ye for disgracing me wi that nonsensical appellation; —hoo mony times mun I repeat it in yere

Irish lugs, that I hae nae ambition for ony title, save that o' a geud christian?

"The D——l a better, I'll be bail; and if Saint Peter wont admit you, my lady, send for Murtoch to give you a character."

"Yere a daft cheild mon, and if the tenderness o' yere heart, did na' cover the multitude o' yere verbal transgressions, I wod na be fashed wi ye. An I'm no weel assured, that if the elders o' the kirk, kenned that y'ere o' the religion the family o' the Tullibardins sprung fra—a worshipper o' graven images, and a solicitor of Saints and holy Pontiffs—I say, I'm no varra well convinced, that I shoud na' be ca'd to receive a pious remonstrance. There's ane thing I mun insist upo'. Ye've an impious mode o' expressing yoursel; of appealing to the holy virgin—the mither of God—the holy father; and then saint Peter, is a sort o' auxiliary, ca'd in opo' a' occasions.

"Noo if ye have ony wish to remain in our family; ere ye gang doon tull the north, ye

mun syringe yer lugs wi Doctor Cha'mer's lectures; wash yere mooth clean, and gargle yere throat wi frequent communications i' the kirk wi the pious disciples o' John Calvin. In short, ye mun become a new mon, or ye winna do for me."

"And to be sure, my lady, am I not a new man?" casting his eye with much complacency upon a large mirror, "If any of the craters at Ballyshannon were to see me now, they'd say it was not I at all."

"I'm thinking, Murtoch, I'm guilty of a muckle sin o' yere account. For to feel mirthful sensations on serious subjects is ill becomin' a cheild o' grace; an' the misconceptions ye labour under, are oft expressed i' so ridiculous a manner, that I find great fash in keeping the sanctity o' my coontenance."

"Sure my lady, there's no sin at all in laughing. You cried hard enough, when you rescuted poor Murtoch from the blood money thaves, that wanted to get forty pounds for hanging him. And when

I forget it, my lady, may the holy father—"

"There again, ye graceless cheild o' darkness!" exclaimed his mistress, striking the lid of her snuff-box with such force, that the sound penetrated my apartment. "Ye dinna ken, mon, that ye're hanging owre the bottomless pit, and the deevil will soon cut the rope, if I conna stop that profane and blasphemous tongue o' yeres. Gang yere gait fra my sight! it's a crying sin tull encourage sic a body as ye."

"Sure, my lady, I was not saying anything mighty wicked; and if the ould black jontleman will be after cutting the rope of my destiny, I only wish it may be when the pulsation of my heart beats to the slow tune of ingratitude. But I have done, my lady; I am going into the kitchen like a dutiful and obadient sarvant, and lave the puppies to make pace for me. And though I can't fawn and twist about you, my lady, as the craters are now doing; yet this I will be bould to say: the first time your ladyship sets your good

looking little feet outside the doorstead, Murtoch will be hard at your hind-quarters ready to shed the last drop of his blood in your sarvice."

Ere Murtoch closed the door, I perceived the old lady looking for her pocket-handkerchief. As it was not instantly forthcoming, she brushed her hand across her eyes; and by this simple action convinced me, that her heart was cast in one of nature's best moulds, and that it had nothing to contend against, save bigotry and superstition, with, perhaps, a slight taint of national prejudice.

When my landlady made her appearance I questioned her respecting her female lodger; and learnt that her name was M'Kinley—that she was a maiden lady, from the Isle of Skye—and her business in town was, if possible, to bring to a close a long Chancery suit, on the event of which depended considerable property; that through her influence with the gentlemen of the long robe, she had saved Murtoch from a foul conspiracy against

his life. That he was an innocent guileless character; yet during the three days he had been in Miss M'Kinley's service, he had so discomfited her irritable temper, that she had twice discharged him. But I don't know how it is, continued my landlady, if his mistress were to turn him out at the hall door, he would make his way back again through the area; for he says, as she has saved his life, it is his duty to spend the remainder of it in her service.

CHAP. III.

From this period a month elapsed without further notice of my play; during which, time was making serious inroads upon my finances. At length, however, after repeated applications, a day was fixed for the first rehearsal.

The piece was cast, as we technically phrase it, by Mr. Moore, and agreed in every part with the arrangement Mr. Kean had previously made, with the exception of Miss Helicon. This character, a very prominent one, and on which the success of the piece, in a great measure, depended, the latter gentleman, more through partiality than judgment, had given to Mrs. Alsop; an actress, who, building upon her mother's (Mrs Jordan's) fame, without many claims of her own, enjoyed a respectable situation in the

Theatre, whilst Mr. Moore, more judiciously, named Mrs. Davison for the part; and in that lady Miss Helicon would have a representative possessed of comic talents, weight of figure, and of importance in her profession; whereas Mrs. Alsop's appearance was puerile and insignificant—her mind deficient;—in short, there was scarcely a female in the establishment less calculated for the purpose. But so it was, and so it must be.—The matter was finally left to Mr. Kean; he was every thing with the committee; and Mrs. Alsop was every thing with Mr. Kean; and from this unfortunate circumstance, I, in a great measure, date the failure of my play. If not;—if it really possessed no merit;—if it deserved the complete condemnation afterwards bestowed;—how shall we account for the encomiums passed upon it, not only by Mr. Kean, who, at the end of the third act, left upon record, in his own hand-writing, the most flattering approbation, but the whole of the acting committee. They

were not influenced by partiality to the author; they had no wish to serve him, independent of the interests of the concern: but on the contrary; for, after dragging me upwards of two hundred miles, and incurring expenses, my finances were ill calculated to bear; after all this, when left in circumstances the most forlorn, they not only refused me the slightest remuneration, but denied me the use of the Theatre, after the performers had generally offered me their services. But I am forestalling events.

Another circumstance made against me most materially. Mr. Johnstone, whose personification of Irish characters has never been surpassed, perhaps never equalled, and for whom I had taken great pains in the short part of Brien O'Lin, with which he appeared perfectly satisfied; was, after the first rehearsal, attacked with a painful and very serious inflammation of the eyes, so that I was deprived of his powerful aid. Some of the performers, too, were displeased with their parts. Mr.

Pope and Mrs. Glover were particularly annoyed by being appointed to sustain the characters of the Duke and Duchess; and where this is the case an author is sure to know what he has to expect. To guard against this evil, I waited upon the committee, and represented the little chance of common justice I could expect from these dissatisfied people; and, with some difficulty, procured an exchange of parts. Mr. Bengough and Mrs. Orger were appointed to sustain the characters of the *despised* Duke and Duchess, and certainly the substitution was, upon the whole, advantageous.

Four or five lame rehearsals were at length obtained; for, except at the two last, the whole of the drama never appeared, from one frivolous excuse or another. In fact, a general deadness and languor appeared. The committee had listened to the suggestions of a man, they held—if their own words were to be credited—in sovereign contempt. The whisper had gone abroad—doubts were

entertained of the success of this highly vaunted play—and from that moment, there was a visible alteration in the manners of the gentlemen forming the management. They were still polite, because men of breeding make a point of it; but it lacked that warmth, and friendly freedom, I had hitherto experienced; and my spirits sunk in proportion. I looked upon it as the prognostic of failure; it was the bird of ill omen that haunted me continually, and fluttered, with dark and threatening wings, over the cottage that contained all my worldly comfort.

The pruning knife is generally necessary, and various amputations take place, before a new piece is rendered fit for the eye and ear of an audience; and the Castle of Glendowr was found to be much too long for representation.

I shall here make a few remarks on the various impediments a dramatist has to contend against, more especially, before he has acquired a name. First his manuscript must be read by the manager, or

more frequently by his deputy, with whom, if the author have interest it may be well; if on the contrary he labours under his displeasure, though without a cause, as in my case; and if the sub-manager be an actor, and there is no good part for him in the piece, or probably a bad one, he will report progress according to his *feelings*. Secondly, if the piece be accepted, it becomes a considerable difficulty to please the performers. All cannot have the parts they would chuse; although the forfeit, on refusal of the allotted character, is a serious concern, an author stands but a poor chance of dramatic justice, when an actor is thus forced into a part; for he then reads with contempt, and performs without feeling.

The situation of the poor author at the rehearsals—if he have any of the qualities of the sensitive plant about him—is painful to a degree of agony. The apologies he is obliged to make—sometimes sincerely, to performers of inferior parts, but frequently against his conscience—are not

the least painful of his necessary duties. "Sorry for the badness of the part—wish it had been equal to your talents—had not the casting of the play, or it should have been otherwise—hope some other time to make amends, &c. &c. &c.

Then the stage-manager suddenly stops the rehearsal—takes the tortured author by the arm—and in the most *friendly* manner whispers daggers into his very soul, by proposing to cut out a whole scene, perhaps the darling of his heart, and produced by the mental drudgery of many a sleepless night. His indescribable looks at the proposal, and the tremulous assent necessity obliges him, with faltering voice, to give, would form no bad subject for the caricaturist; and notwithstanding the *managerial slang* of "My dear boy—my dear fellow—we row in the same boat you know, and must pull together," &c. &c. it is long, very long before the wounded feelings are restored to their usual tone and vigour. For the loss of a limb, from a favourite child, is not more painful to a fond parent, than

the cutting out a favourite scene, to the wounded mind of an enthusiastic author.

That my play must suffer amputation every one agreed, and my friend Dowton undertook to assist me in the work. Accordingly we dined together at his cottage in Vauxhall-walk, and soon reduced the manuscript to a moderate length.

A circumstance occurred on this day, that I cannot avoid relating, because it tends to place the character of my worthy but irritable friend Dowton in a just and estimable point of view.

Adjoining his cottage, one of the neatest in the neighbourhood, is an extensive garden, in which he took great delight; and every hour that could be spared from his professional duties was dedicated to its culture and improvement. Here his children, for he had then six, derived health and pleasure from sporting on the green, while the father employed himself in his shrubbery or hot-house.

The day appointed for our task was uncommonly mild, for the month of Febru-

ary; and in the garden I found my friend attended by his sons, who carried to a distant heap the litter produced by their father's labour.

Unperceived by the group I stood gazing awhile ere I announced my arrival; for Dowton, in his gardening garb, cut what is called a rum figure. His outer garment resembled a worn-out spencer; a large fur cap covered his head; and to guard his hand from thistles and thorns, and such unpleasant intruders, he wore an enormous pair of leather gloves, reaching half way up the arm. In fact, they so strongly resembled those worn by the ghost in Hamlet, that I have no doubt they had frequently been used for that honourable purpose.

What a change is here, thought I, as I gazed unseen! Last night, the idol of old Drury, as the gaudily attired Lord Duberly, now resembling something, that without forcing the imagination too far, might be called the grave digger, in Hamlet; for he carolled as he wrought, and appeared as thoughtlessly happy.

One of the boys not returning from carrying his burden of weeds as soon as the others, inquiry was made as to the reason; when the little fellow informed his father, with great glee, that a donkey had put his head through the hedge, and that he had been tickling its nose with a thistle.

"Renounce me!" exclaimed Dowton, pushing out his lips, whilst the blood mounted into his very forehead.

"You rascal!" he continued, "Have you been torturing the poor ass, who was probably starving for want of food. Suppose, you hard-hearted dog, when you are hungry, and ask for bread and butter, I should give you a thistle. Go, this instant, and tell Robin to bring some hay, and throw it over the hedge."

I now presented myself; Dowton discarded his gardening costume; and we went to the unpleasant work of hacking and hewing my unfortunate play; which, in a few hours, became, *certainly not too long*, but appeared bereft of those parts which the poor, blind author, thought most interesting.

In the society of such a man as Dowton, no one can be long out of spirits. His companionable talents are of the very first order; the wine, too, was good, and Mrs. Dowton took care that every thing should be of the same description. Pleasant, indeed, were the hours; but as it seems to be intended by Providence that mortals should not long enjoy unmixed happiness, so ours was suddenly put an end to, for that day at least.

There was a bow-window in the room where we sat, overlooking the garden; and Dowton was interrupted in one of his best stories by a noise, resembling heavy blows, several times repeated, on which he rose, and approached the window.

"By the living God!" he exclaimed, in a tone loud enough to give the word of command to a troop of cavalry. "He'll kill the poor ass!" And without losing time by descending the staircase, he dropped from the window, whilst I followed the more easy way, and came up with him as he was haranguing one of the worst-

looking beings I ever beheld. He had a broom-stick in one hand, and the ass's tail in the other, and struck the poor animal with such force that even a slave-driver would have melted with pity. What then were the feelings of Dowton—the irritable, humane Dowton? No words can paint the figure he cut; but those who are acquainted with him may give a good guess. Articulation was stopped. He foamed, and stamped, and threw stones; but this only served to increase the wretch's brutality. At length, unable to contain himself, he burst through the inclosure, and in the effort left his wig behind him. I followed, and certainly think the group would have afforded scope for the genius of a caricaturist. There stood Dowton, with his bald pate, storming, and threatening a thousand mischiefs; close by his side was I, spare and thin, and not likely to prove a very powerful second; whilst the sandman, appearing to have exchanged the object of his vengeance, advanced towards us in the true *fancy* style; and had not Providence

interfered, in the shape of Robin, Dowton's servant, there can be little doubt we should have been properly *punished.*

On a near view of the fellow I certainly thought we had advanced too far in the teeth of a powerful enemy; and as I fancied his looks betokened defiance, I turned my eye to the gap we had made in the hedge, in hopes that should matters go against us, we might show our generalship by a skilful retreat. I almost thought friend Dowton cast an eye that way too; but when Robin came up we rallied with fresh courage, for he was young and athletic. Three to one, however, was not exactly the thing; so Robin having shown fight, was permitted to enter the lists; and I certainly would, at that moment, have given a little finger to have seen the rascal well thrashed for his brutality. But fate had ordained it otherwise. For Robin, though brave as a lion, lacked science; and at the first set-to, a terrible blow in the face laid Robin prostrate, and the victor challenged the field.

Robin's fate, however, pointed out negociation as the safer, as well as the more humane plan; accordingly Dowton, as well as passion would permit, addressed him. "Hark you, you scoundrel—you baptised brute! Renounce me, if I don't fetch the gun and blow you out of the world. I say, you gibbet-robbing rascal, how could you find in your heart to treat that poor animal in the cruel way you have done." "What's that to you? He's my own, aynt he, and I shan't ax your leave to flee him alive, if so be I took the fancy."

Robin, who still lay on the ground rubbing his forehead, had, apparently, little inclination to renew the combat; more especially as his master had begun to negociate, however roughly.

"You hard-hearted, infernal wretch," vociferated Dowton. "You—you—renounce me if I can find words to express my detestation of the scoundrel. To cut the matter short, however, will you sell the ass?" "Vy as to that there, if so be as how you vants to buy the donkey, vy did

you not say so at vonce, and go to vork civilly. The price of neddy, you see, master, is fifteen bob, but as you've so blowed me up, I sha'nt take less than a quid."

No sooner said than done. A guinea was thrown into the brute's hat, and he walked off apparently pleased with his bargain, whilst poor neddy was led to the stable, where good hay and clean straw were plentifully provided, and a stiptic applied to his wounds. But the young folks were too enthusiastic to rest contented here. The remainder of the afternoon was fully occupied in pacing the short distance betwixt the stable and the kitchen; from whence was brought every delicacy that could tempt the appetite of their new but unfortunate favourite.

This little adventure led my friend to moralize on the brutality that too frequently accompanies want of information. If ignorance be the parent of superstition, it is no less the origin of cruelty; from whence I conclude, that the bigot will become ra-

tional, and the barbarian humane, from the powerful influence of instruction; and this, in our favoured land, is no longer withheld from the most destitute. Public seminaries for juvenile tuition are patronised in every village throughout the kingdom; and cannot eventually fail very powerfully to affect the moral feelings of the rising generation.

The sudden entrance of Dowton's eldest son, with the melancholy intelligence, that the object of our painful attention was no more, changed the subject of our reflections, and drew us once more to the stable; where, surrounding the remains of this hard-fated victim of brutal ignorance, stood Robin and the remainder of the little brood. On our approach the youngest boy innocently inquired when neddy would awake, and eat some more bread.

"Alas, my child!" replied Dowton, with much feeling in his expressive countenance, "poor neddy will awake no more." He then added, in a suppressed tone, "Renounce me, if I could not crucify the scoundrel."

This scene, trifling as it may appear to some of my readers, by me, whose feelings are alive, even to weakness, to the sufferings of the brute creation, could not be passed over unnoticed; and as I slowly pursued my way to Northumberland-street, I could not avoid mentally drawing comparisons betwixt my friend Dowton's children and many that I had known, highly in favour of the former.

That children, boys particularly, are naturally cruel, I think admits not of a doubt. How careful, then, ought parents to be to counteract this evil! Instead of which, we too often see them encouraging it. Not by words, perhaps, but indirectly, by laughing at the young culprit's tricks, and exhibiting, as a trophy of little Tommy's fame, a string of eggs, taken from the nests of various birds, and tastefully hung over the parlour chimney-piece. These youthful depredations I have rarely seen corrected. The gaudy evidence of the school-boy's cruelty is shamefully exposed in houses, whose owners are them-

selves humane, in the general sense of the word, but whose compassion extends not to the industrious, ingenious, bereaved bird.

Dowton, highly to the credit of his sense and his humanity, instilled principles of universal benevolence into the minds of his offspring; for which they will thank him to the latest hour of their existence. But perhaps I have dwelt too long on this subject. It is one that has always forcibly interested my feelings; the enormity of robbing birds' nests was early instilled into me by the best of mothers; and when we mount upon a favourite hobby, 'tis not an easy matter to descend.

CHAP. IV.

I had now been eight weeks in town, and the state of my finances began alarmingly to diminish. My sole hope rested on the success of my play; my doubts of it created an anxiety that tortured me night and day; and I sincerely blamed myself for not taking Kean's advice, to bargain with the committee, on my first arrival. But it was now too late, and, sink or swim, I must abide by the result.

The mutilated manuscript was next day given to the copiest, the parts called in, and each altered accordingly. At the next rehearsal, obtained with difficulty, the play appeared as though it would escape censure from its *length*, at any rate, and as Mr. Johnstone's eyes continued to grow worse, it was thought proper to give the character designed for him to Mr. Gatty.

This was, indeed, a bitter stroke; for on Johnstone's excellence, as an actor, no disparagement to Mr. Gatty, I greatly depended. More especially as Johnstone himself appeared perfectly satisfied with the part, and to render it more effective I wrote a song, with which he was so well pleased, that he afterwards purchased it of me, and now sings it with much applause, under the title (and some alteration by G. Colman) of "the hero of Ballinocrazy."

But alas! it matters not enumerating the miseries and difficulties I had to encounter; they would only fatigue without entertaining my readers.

After four rehearsals, such as they were, unattended by the man whose province it was to keep every one to their duty, and to preserve order and regularity; I was informed—nay, it was what is called underlined in the advertisement—that the Castle of Glendowr would be performed the following week. I heard not this without alarm, for it had not yet had one regular

rehearsal. However, the performers seemed spurred on by the intelligence; a fifth rehearsal took place, attended by the whole of the dramatis personæ; and such was the kind attention of the prompter and the performers—an attention I can never too much acknowledge—that I began to flatter myself the pompous stage-manager might prove a false prophet.

Whilst these miseries were working their way abroad, the eccentricities of my fellow-lodgers frequently banished care at home; and one circumstance, too trifling to relate, except as it laid the foundation for an intimacy, that ultimately proved both pleasant and useful, I cannot help recording.

One day I had left a pair of nearly new boots in my sitting-room, and the next morning only one was to be found. In vain every inquiry was made—in vain the maid searched for the stray article—no boot could be met with. At length Murtoch dragged it from under the sofa, in his lady's room; but so disfigured by various

mutilations the poodles had inflicted, that it bore no resemblance to its spruce fellow.

"I'll tell you what, your honour," said Murtoch, as he placed one boot by the other, "these two leather stockings are mighty like me and my brother Larry. There is he, nate, clane, and shining at Ballinomuch, whilst poor Murtoch is dragged up and down the dirty world, and every puppy has a shake at him." I was going to reply, when he added. "I am after taking a rough sketch, your honour, of last week, but now, thanks to the good ould gentlewoman in the next room, Murtoch is in present pay, good quarters, and dacent clothing."

A call from his lady here stopped him, and I had time to contemplate the destruction of my new boots. He immediately re-entered, however, and after bowing in a more formal and awkward way than usual, he observed, in rather a loud tone, "Sir, Mrs. M'Kinley, a lady of great blood and ancient family, from the Isle of Sky,

would be after exchanging a word with you in the next room." He then added, in a low voice, "If that does not plase, the d—l's in it. I left the door open on purpose. A slice of pedigree goes down like a glass of Inishone on a frosty morning. This way your honour."

The latter sentence was pronounced as I followed him into the room. Upon which, the old lady rising with some difficulty, desired her servant to reach a chair; and when we were seated, perceiving he had no intention to withdraw, but had quietly stationed himself behind my chair, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets; Mrs. M'Kinley, after taking a huge pinch of snuff, and wiping her little flat nose to the right hand and to the left, with much deliberation, whilst her eye steadfastly rested on the Irishman, with a deep sigh, she thus addressed him.

"My sins are muckle, an my transgressions manifold, an I hae wrestled wi satan in season, and oot o' season; but sic a' deil as thee, I ne'er yet was punish-

ed wi. Whether it be doonright stupidity and ignorance, or impudent, cunning knavery that gars thee to fash me, I canna pretend to say; but whether it be ane or tither, I admonish ye ance mair to mend your manners, an no' to provoke the bad spirit that I am fashed wi at this moment, lest it should gare me to outstep the bounds o' discretion."

To this harangue Murtoch made no adequate reply, simply because he understood it not. Yet conceiving he had committed some blunder, he observed, by way of reparation, "Is it something you are wanting, madam? Because if your ladyship will give it a name, Murtoch's the lad to obey orders."

This was uttered in so guileless and simple a manner, that laughing was irresistible, to me at least. Even the old lady's features relaxed, and she evidently applied to her snuff-box, in order to conceal it. Whilst Murtoch, finding that somehow or other he had by chance touched the right string, could not contain his

joy; and seeing, for the first time, that mirth might be admitted into Mrs. M'Kinley's apartment, he joined in it with such hearty good-will, that the whole strength of his lungs were called into play, in order, as it should seem, to outdo my less noisy exertion.

But this was a liberty his lady could by no means allow. Her features resumed their customary rigidity—the blood of the M'Kinley's mounted into her face—and closing her snuff-box as usual with a loud smack, she haughtily commanded him to leave the room.

"Is it lave the room, my lady?" said Murtoch, in a tone that seemed to doubt the meaning of her words. But seeing the stern gravity that kept possession of her features, he added, "Sure I will do that thing, my lady. I am your honour's obedient servant to command."

I now had an opportunity of contemplating the old lady's figure; having hitherto obtained only a transitory glimpse, and at too great a distance to guess at

character from phisiognomy. I soon found my first conclusion regarding Mathews's old Scotchwoman to be erroneous. For though her head-dress and florid complexion bore some resemblance, there was a degree of dignity and grandeur about Mrs. M'Kinley that appeared to lay claim to superior station and rank in life.

When her servant had shut the door she thus addressed me, "I mun apologize, my gude sir, for the liberty I hae tain wi ye; but I considered it my duty to request an interview. I hear—nay I ken by yere fondling my wee beasties that ye possess a mind capable of affection for what is ca'd the brute creation; an therefore I flatter mysel ye will be the mair ready to glent an ee o' forgiveness on the mischief ye hae sustained fra their youthful freaks an wanton gambols."

Ere I could edge in a word, she continued—

"An sir, ye'll be gude enough to favour me wi the address o' yere boot-maker, when

I shall gie immediate orders to suit ye wi a new pair."

It was in vain to reason; for I had to deal with a person who was not to be turned from any object she esteemed it her duty to accomplish. The possibility of repairing the torn boot, or procuring a *fellow* for the other, I urged, but nothing less than a new *pair* would satisfy the old lady, and the old gentleman was obliged to submit.

This important point settled, I found Mrs. M'Kinley communicative and intelligent. Upon the subject of her Irish servant, she observed, "Perhaps, sir, ye may think me unco fashious wi that heathen that I hae taen untul the hoose out o' compassion; but I wish ye to ken that its uncanny for a M'Kinley to be on terms o' familiarity wi a sarving mon. Then he gars me muckle anger by nicknaming me, yere honour, an yere leddyship; the M'Kinleys need nae sic nicknames as auxiliaries to enhance their respectability. Another thing: he's very fronty, and laughs

an chuckles at his ain jokes; an ye ken, sir, ane does no like to be an outspeckle to sic likes as he. But wi a' there fauts, he's a chield o' muckle simplicity an tenderness o' hert: an were he noo turned loose upo' the world, the peur goss woud again become a sacrifice to the artlessness of his disposition, and the ignorance of his mind. So I am thinking, ye ken, to take him wi' me, to the Isle o' Skye; where, as he is a souter by trade, he may vegetate wi' purity o' hert, and live a temperate evangelical life upo' gude wholesome crowdie and scadlips; and by the grace o' God, and oor pious minister, he may be cured o' his Papistical, and Babylonish absurdities, and led intul the path o' the true faith."

Theological prejudices of education are, of all others, the strongest; and, no matter how absurd, the most difficult to eradicate. So much are we the creatures of early habit, that were a child brought up in the belief that striking its head against the wall once a week, constituted a part of

devotion, it would, in a more improved state of intellect, require time and strong resolution, to overcome the weekly inclination for wall thumping.

So this old lady, possessing a benevolent heart, was liberal, charitable and generous in all things, except where her theological prejudices were concerned; and these early impressions, blended with a national proneness to believe in supernatural agency, would not permit her to allow of any road to heaven, but that in which she had travelled from her youth. But as neither intimacy, nor the respect due to her sex and situation, warranted me in opposing opinions, that were in the present instance harmless, I applauded her intentions respecting Murtoch, and suffered the others to pass unheeded.

Mrs. M'Kinley was at present unacquainted with my situation, and the business that brought me to town; and naturally conceiving that information upon that head would by no means raise me in her estimation, I avoided as much as

lay in my power, every topic that tended to an explanation. But I soon found this would be a difficult task; for she was no less curious than communicative. I however seized an opportunity she herself furnished me with, of making my situation known in a way that might incline her to think more favourably of me than any verbal explanation could effect.

"Ye hae vary properly observed, sir," said my companion, "that without literary resources, a valetudinarian like mysel mun spend her time neither pleasantly nor profitably. 'Tis true I hold it my duty to devote a muckle pairt o' the day tull religious reading; for which purpose I hae a' the theological works, fra John Knox to Doctor Chalmers; but ye ken lighter reading is sometimes profitable; 'tis like indulging a wee bairn wi a holiday, an gars me return to works o' devotion with greater zest, gin I rightly ken the information I ha'e received: ye are concerned e some literary pursuit; an if so, could probably accommodate me wi' the loan o' some modern publication."

In reply I offered the first volume of the Itinerant, at the same time observing, that the work, though sometimes aided and embellished by fancy, was grounded on my own adventurous life.

She took it with much seeming delight; but on perusing the title page, closed the book, looked steadfastly, and I thought somewhat scornfully upon me; and exclaimed, with almost laughable astonishment, "An actor! The laird preserve us." Then applying to her snuff-box, which appeared to be her grand resource on all uncommon occasions, she continued, "Is it possible? And are ye, Mester Romney, really and truly nothing but a play actor?"

Answering her candidly on this point, and venturing to hope that she would not entertain a worse opinion of me on that account; a spark of benevolence shone through her look of surprise; and gently closing her box, with a significant shake of the head, she replied, "Weel, weel, a flower may noo and then spring up e a thistle bed; a woodbine in a wilderness o'

weeds, and who kens but ye are an exception tull a general rule. Aw annu saints, ye ken, that wear sanctified faces; the peur publican, who stood afar off, and struck his breast through sincere contrition, was preferred tull that vain boaster; an wha kens, I say, but the a' seeing ee o' omnipotence may selec a valuable gem, fra the filth and rubbish o' yere ca'ing?"

I was on the point of replying, in a strain that might have given offence; for though I could make every allowance for prejudice, I could not silently pass over such an unjust attack on a profession, of which I was once an unworthy member; when a noise, resembling the report of a window demolished by a pistol, threw us all into confusion. The dogs barked, and approached a closet-door opening behind Mrs. M'Kinley's chair. She, in the general panic, scattered the whole of her snuff in the face of a cat that lay on the rug, who ran away sneezing, spitting, and swearing as she went; she then pulled the bell with such force that the wire broke, and all came tumbling down together.

As I advanced to disengage the old lady from the bell pullies, Murtoch entered in amaze; and I have no doubt we formed a curious group.

"What's the matter, my lady?" he exclaimed, "Sure I hope Mr. Romney has not been behaving improperly."

"Haud your clish, my clever mon," replied Mrs. M'Kinley, "some ill-favoured graceless loon, ye ken, to gar skaith to us a', has hid himsel in the closet, and wi' fire fra a pistol, plenned some bodily harm tul Mester Romney or mysel." "If I might be after spaking, my lady," replied Murtoch, "I would be saying, with all due submission, that you bodder me wid your high larning, that's not mighty easy to comprehend de meaning. Nevertheless, my lady, I can fully understand, that a pistol-shot has been fired from de closet, and woe be to the spalpeen who has been after committing suicide upon either your ladyship or his honour dere."

He was by this time within the closet, and instantly re-appeared with a large

stone bottle, containing spruce beer; the effervescence of which had drawn the cork with a force that shattered the window, and caused all this alarm, which had such an effect on the nerves of the old lady, visible in the absence of her crimson hue, that Murtoch summoned the maid-servant; and, conceiving my presence at this time might be dispensed with, I, for the present, took my leave.

CHAP. V.

The next evening, as I was seated in the Drury-lane green-room, the stage-manager, with his wonted unfeeling abruptness, informed me, that the following Monday—some days earlier than the appointed time—was fixed for the representation of the Castle of Glendowr.

As very few of the performers were perfect in their parts, and no orders had yet been given to the painter—though beautiful scenery was originally planned—I pointed out the cruelty of hurrying the play before the public under such disadvantages. My remonstrances were vain: the only answer I received was, "It must be performed on Monday, or not at all."

On Saturday another rehearsal took place; at which I kicked my heels, as usual, for three hours, on the cold stage;

my heart as insensible to pleasure, as the culprit on his way to execution.

I wish, most sincerely, to avoid prolixity in this description, for two reasons: first, because my readers will feel little interest in a matter confined purely to the feelings and sensations of a disappointed man; and secondly, because the retrospect is to myself painful in the extreme; of all the calamities I ever suffered—and they are not a few—this I esteem to be the greatest.

At length the dreadful hour arrived. And as Mr. P. Moore had made me free of the committee box, I took my place with a heart as heavy as lead, and a pocket that few of the inhabitants of the metropolis would have coveted.

As I entered the box, situated on the left side of the orchestra, rather early, the musicians favoured me with a smile; and this I was willing to receive as an omen of good.

Colonel Douglas too, the only one of the committee, whose kindness I have cause to acknowledge, seated himself

behind me, and encouraged me with hopes; until a pale-faced woman of quality joined him; when frivolity, and tittle-tattle became the order of the evening; and nothings were discussed in a key that at length drew rebuke from the sober part of the audience, and forced this female of *haut ton*, to express herself less audibly.

The overture made some amends for the annoyance I had too long endured, and in some measure cheered my drooping spirits. The prompter's bell rang—*awful* sound! The musicians paused, and on came my friend Harley, prepossessing in figure, easy in deportment, and with a pleasant smile, he made his graceful bow, amidst universal plaudits.

At what time my heart beat at that moment, I cannot exactly say; it was not to be counted. Perhaps one half of the prologue had been repeated in Harley's best style, and entirely to the satisfaction of the author; when my evil genius commenced the miseries of the evening, by introducing the Duke and Duchess of

Cumberland. The audience rose, "God save the king," was the general cry; and my friend Harley gave place to the sons and daughters of Apollo.

Now, however well affected I, and all true lovers of their country, and its glorious constitution ought to be; yet, I most sincerely wished the royal Duke and his spouse, at——Kew, Kensington, Windsor, Hampton-court—or any other place more agreeable to those illustrious personages, than at Drury-lane Theatre.

We were indulged with the national anthem *twice:* and however gratifying it must be to every true Briton, believe me, it appeared at that moment more disgusting to my ears than the grinding of knives, or the whetting of saws. However, John Bull having had his fill of loyalty and shouting, my poor prologue was permitted to go on, and went off with a milk-and-water insipidity, which the commencement had given me no reason to expect.

The curtain then rose, and the first act

was received with marks of approbation, that filled my heart with gladness and my eyes with tears. The worthy Colonel shook me by the hand, and wished me joy; the orchestra struck up an air in perfect unison with my feelings; and I said to myself, my cottage shall be the abode of peace and comfort.

Two scenes of the second act proceeded without disapprobation; but as the character on which I built the foundation of my hopes seemed not to be understood, a benumbing silence attended the representation, which at length burst forth in a hiss so tremendous, that if I live to the age of old Parr, it will never be out of my recollection: and after that, although the play proceeded, not one line was heard. During the third act, the disapprobation became pretty general; though for what, no one could tell, for the language was inaudible, and the performers, to do them justice, bore the brunt of the storm without flinching from their duty.

The approbation bestowed upon the

first act was either insincere, or the memory of it was totally obliterated by succeeding faults. Be it as it may, I certainly had not a fair hearing. The audience, doubtless, agreed in sentiment with the Globe newspaper of the following day; in which, after saying that the new play at Drury-lane Theatre proved a confused jumble of nonsense, it observed that not a word could be heard after the second act. Now, that this sapient Hibernian editor could judge of sounds he confesses never to have heard, indicates a mode of criticism peculiar, perhaps, to his country.

As I plainly perceived that every hope had vanished, I began to think of a retreat, fully determined to skulk out unperceived, if possible, by any of the actors. And to this I was soon driven; for the fashionable reptiles behind me, several of whom had joined the lady, no longer considered themselves bound by decency to respect my feelings; but gave vent to the bitterness of their disposition by remarks at once illiberal and unmanly. The good

old Colonel joined them not, but he turned his face from me, feeling, no doubt, for my situation. Not a fiddler smiled; and methought even the strain they were playing resembled the dead march in Saul. So I silently stole away, and retired to my apartments, in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by a criminal going to execution.

CHAP. VI.

The beautiful rays of the morning's sun that vivifies and animates the whole creation, to me brought no delight, but a retrospect more painful than I had hitherto ever experienced. And then the double torture of communicating my misery to the cottage of comfort.

"Ah, yer a muckle sinner, and the divine vengeance has noo overtaken ye for aw ye'r evil deeds," the worthy Mrs. M'Kinley might say; yet, surely, the unoffending inhabitants of the cottage should not be punished for my crimes; but the unjust doctrine, of the innocent suffering for the guilty, is a main pillar of the Scotch kirk, and almost all kirks.

On the following day, to hide my diminished head as much as possible, and to avoid meeting with condoling friends, I

gave the preference to the bye lanes and back streets, instead of the more public ways. Being obliged, however, to come out near Temple-bar, amongst the throng I observed the interesting countenance of a dear and worthy friend, Mr. Hewitt, the solicitor, from Manchester, whose kindness to me has been recorded in the former part of this work, not in terms adequate to the warm feelings of a grateful heart, but in the strongest I could find.

This ever cheerful, generous man, for that such he was, even his enemies, if he had any, must allow, smiled at my woe-begone countenance, for though possessed of sensitive feelings, he was a foe to grief constitutionally, and holding out his hand, "Come, come, my friend, don't be cast down. I was at Drury-lane last night, and so, or I'm mistaken, were many of your enemies: let me have the pleasure of your company this evening, at the Grecian Coffee-house. I have something to communicate." An invitation from such a man, and at such a time, was truly welcome to my desponding heart.

My fate had now brought me, as I conceived, to the climax of calamity; and I looked at my all, in the shape of a solitary one-pound note, and sent a sorrowful sigh to the cottage of comfort; possessing an imagination ever fertile in the anticipation of misery, my present state of mind bordered on distraction: no visible means of relief presented itself. Time after time the room was measured with hasty strides; there lay pens and paper—sad implements of unpleasant intelligence—and cowardice prevented their employment; for though miserable, myself, as man well could be, I had not courage to make miserable those who were dearer to me than myself.

Sky and Mull came, as usual, cantering into my room, twisting round my legs, with joyous greeting; and their fondling endearments worked so much on the feelings of my weak mind, greatly oppressed, that if a friendly flood of tears had not administered instant relief, the weight of anguish would have been insupportable.

As I lay dejected on the sofa, playing

with the little consoling animals, Murtoch signified his approach by a gentle knock at the room-door. "Who's there?" "'Tis I, yer honour, Murtoch Delany, from Ballinomuch, in the county of ———." "Is it you, Murtoch? come in." This being said, I conclude, in rather a desponding tone, produced an instantaneous effect upon the worthy Irishman. "Yes, I'll come in, because I have something to the good for your honour. Here's a pair of leather stockings for your honour. The old lady, my mistress, sends you them with her most delightful respects and most beautiful compliments: but respects and compliments, and all such balloon stuffing, may do mighty well for a third course at the Lord Lieutenant's dining-table, but they won't drive away the wind from empty bellies, like a drink of Innishone whiskey.—I've a drap, yer honour, in the bottom of my harvest-bottle; shall I fetch it up, for I am sure ye'r needing something to comfort ye." "I thank you for your good intentions, Murtoch, but for the present I have no

occasion for it." "Yes, but you have, your honour, for the servant at next door told me that yer honour's play was damned last night at Drury-lane Theatre; but do'nt let your noble heart be cast down, for my lady says that all plays are damned, and all players too."

Murtoch's mode of consolation had the desired effect, and I rose from my seat with, strange as it may appear, a strong impulse to laughter, although the moment before I was on the brink of despair: perhaps a happy though inconsistent transition of feeling, which has enabled me hitherto to support myself against calamities, under the weight of which I might otherwise have sunk.

It has unfortunately happened, through the greater part of my life, that existence has been sustained by efforts to create mirth more than melancholy; I say unfortunately, because my real disposition had a contrary tendency; yet so much were my friends of a different opinion, through the custom of my calling, that every serious

sentiment was listened to with a smile, and even my participation in the distresses of others looked upon as a comic effort to turn the whole into ridicule; so that a man capable of rendering himself rationally pleasant in rational company, and whose profession tends rather to raise than depress the spirits, must be supposed not to possess any of those feelings that are common to most people, and which, indeed, are the greatest ornaments in human nature.

The late celebrated Dr. Zimmerman, highly famed for skill in cases of nervous debility and dejection of spirits, was once applied to by a person, who stated his complaint to be of a nervous description, and of the worst kind. At that time there happened to be a comic Roscius in the Theatre, at Zurich, in Switzerland, whose talent brought down peals of laughter, and crowds attended his nightly exhibitions. The doctor, after hearing every symptom minutely stated, observed, "Sir, you must attend the Theatre; the laughter created by Martinelli will soon recover your

spirits; but what was the doctor's surprise when the patient, sighing grievously, replied, "*I am Martinelli.*" The case is somewhat in point.

These observations have often passed in my mind's eye, when endeavouring, though unsuccessfully, to convince my friends that my mirth was frequently forced, and too often a smiling countenance covered a sorrowful heart. Amongst my smiling friends Hewitt was the foremost, and many a time and oft has he laughed at my tales of wo in public company, whilst he was privately relieving them. Nevertheless, it was matter of sore mortification to be looked upon as a person merry, cheery, and successful, when at the same time the heart was sorely oppressed, and the pocket wretchedly empty.

At the appointed time I found my friend Hewitt at the Grecian Coffee-house, as usual, in high spirits, and noble in disposition. Alas! alas! would to God I could say so now; but that best and most worthy of men was torn from a most extensive

circle of friends, by whom he was beloved, if ever man was, in the prime of life, leaving his amiable wife to lament his loss, surrounded by eight children, about eight years previous to the publication of this work.

The public room, in the Grecian Coffee-house, is divided into commodious boxes, respectably frequented by gentlemen of the law, being contiguous to the Temple. In the next box to the one we occupied, six gentlemen, apparently all members of the "glorious uncertainty," sat taking their wine, and animadverting on the various suits they were employed in, whilst my friend, being of the same profession, could not avoid now and then hearing something that interested him. But what was my surprise, in the course of the evening, to hear, for they spoke so loud it was impossible to avoid it, the following short conversation, between two Caledonian lawyers, who, according to Scotch acquiescence, agreed in every thing each other said at the onset, and denied it the next minute:

"Give me leave, Mr. Cornside, to observe"—"Exactly; but not having finished my own observations, I cannot admit of interruption." "Just so; but give me leave"—"Exactly; but I will not be interrupted: you say that the M'Kinleys are entitled to a verdict." "Just so; but how will they be enabled to support their relation at such an expense in this town; do you think they won't be tired of it before the end of a Chancery suit?" "Exactly; but I don't think they will; as I told you before, Miss Dimoch was not, as you conceived, a ward in Chancery." "Just so; but I say she is; therefore if said wardship cannot be proved, the marriage is legal in Scotland and England, and aw the deevils in hell canna keep young M'Kinley out of the property." "Exactly; but I say it is no such thing." "Hoot awa, mun, yer too warm, Sandy; you have na occasion to ca' in deevils to prove the truth of your affirmation." "Exactly; but I say I have, and I tell ye again, and again, that old Mrs. Kinley's journey to London was

useless; she might as well have remained snug in the Isle of Sky, amongst the faithful sons of the kirk." "Just so; but I deny it." Upon which the other, striking the table with great force, by which several glasses were broken, exclaimed, with strong emphasis, "Leebellous, Sir—leebellous." "Exactly; I ken what yer ganging to say, but haud yer hond, mun, wha's to pay the bill of costs for broken glasses." This created a laugh, and the dispute concluded.

I listened to this dialogue with much interest; for I soon found that the old Scotch lady, my fellow-lodger, and her family, were the subjects of it. "Aye, aye," whispered my friend Hewitt, "I plainly see how it is; here will be a few golden chesnuts thrown out for the learned pigs and legal swine to gather."

After a most pleasant evening, as I left the worthy man, he observed, "Your finances cannot be in a very good train, I fear, after such a disappointment as you experienced last night. I am indebted to

your worthy wife for three sets of her most excellent novel, Fanny Fitzyork; permit me to present her with with five pounds for the pleasure I had in reading them." The man—the method—the thing itself—at such a time, so unexpected, so acceptable, worked upon my feelings, paralyzed my tongue, and, with a hearty grasp of the hand, that "meant more that met the ear," I bade my friend good night. "They jest at scars who never felt a wound," and those who have ambled through life, seated on the saddle of success, can form no conception of those feelings that warm the grateful soul, and choak the utterance, when the tender hand of friendship is stretched out to ease the agony of an aching heart.

Here was an incident, providential I am willing to admit, and gratitude to the Deity now fills my heart, while I am describing it. The pen—the ink—the paper, &c. were instantly put in requisition, and with becoming firmness, I penned an account of the fate of my play to the cot-

tage, inclosing the five pounds, to make some amends for the misery that would most undoubtedly take place, on receipt of my unpleasant communication.

The next day I dined with my worthy, and never-to-be-forgotten friend, Thomas Dibdin, who condoled with real symphathy, and aided with best advice; for he is one of those singular beings, whose friendship increases with the distresses of his friends. "Surely," said he, "this Algerine committee, as you call them, will make some remuneration for your journey, time, trouble, and expense; for though the play failed, curiosity brought a good house. When I was acting manager of Drury-lane Theatre, an author brought a play from Nottingham, scarcely more than ha f the distance you are come;—the play failed; but Mr. Whitbread, who was then chairman of the committee, and not possessing *Moor*ish feeling, remunerated the unfortunate author with one hundred pounds;—they surely wont refuse to make you some amends. I'll write to Peter

Moore on your behalf." He did so, but to no purpose. Dowton, who felt warmly for my hard fate, flattered me with hopes that Lord Yarmouth would stand my friend in the committee. "He's a good hearted creature, Romney, renounce me if he is'nt—dined with him yesterday—shot all over the park—killed three brace of pheasants—he read the Itinerant, and feels some interest for the author." In consequence of this I addressed his Lordship in as feeling a manner as a mind above meanness would permit; but it was labour lost. Dowton might dine, and shoot his pheasants in the park; but to hit the sensitive part of a Lord's heart, requires a marksman of more science than my friend Dowton is aware of.

A play was next proposed by my friends as a benefit, at the little Theatre in the Haymarket, and Kean promised his services; but this was thought irregular by the Algerines who had the control of the Drury-lane company, and they withheld their assent, although, inconsistent as it

may appear, the very next week the thing was permitted for the benefit of Mrs. Horn. In short, a harder-hearted, or more unfeeling set of beings, could not have been formed, even amongst our holy allies, than composed this disastrous committee.

Dowton, again, with his usual warmth of heart, made a proposal, that bore the face of probable success; being manager of Rochester Theatre, he offered me the assistance of his company for one night, in that town; which, if Kean would lend his powerful aid, might doubtless, enable me to return to my cottage, with some small degree of comfort; and as he justly observed, "having brought you into this scrape, surely he will spend an afternoon to bring you out of it."

As I considered the application of others would be more powerful than my own, I solicited two of Mr. Kean's knife-and-fork friends, who frequently quaffed the vinous juice, and partook of his hospitable board.

I considered these persons well calculated to promote my suit, from the seeming friendly interest they took in my concerns. The hearty shake of the hand,—with the old theatrical cant, "My dear boy—my dear fellow—God bless you—ten thousand successes—I'll do your business—depend upon me," &c. &c. Fool that I was; these were the very last people that I should have applied to; but I knew them not. Lean and meagre themselves, like a cat on watch, they snatched at every crum that fell from the great man's table; and none knew so well as they "a little flattery does well." Thus my cunning ambassadors failed in their sincere and friendly negociations. Kean was indisposed, and could, or would, not go, although the trifling effort would have emancipated an unfortunate being, immersed in pecuniary distress through his mistaken counsel.

Two circumstances, however, I must not pass over, because they prove that however managers and committees may

be destitute of feeling, all *Actors* are not. It may, perhaps, live in the minds of those who have read the former volumes of this work, that an old friend of the author's, for whom he then expressed the warmest regard, and now repeats it, was still a performer in Drury-lane Theatre, and highly respected by all who knew him, a Mr. Maddox. This gentleman I still found in his former occupation, and, as usual, experienced from him and his worthy wife every civility in their power to bestow. It may easily be conceived that these good and worthy people felt much for my situation; as a proof of which, one morning, soon after my misfortune, as I stood in conversation at the stage-door of Drury-lane Theatre, I felt something gently slipped into my hand, and turning quickly I perceived my old friend Maddox making a precipitate retreat, and I grasped a two-pound note as a mark of his friendship and feeling. What I felt may be imagined, but cannot be expressed. This worthy

couple, I understand, have since retired from the stage with, I hope, a sufficient independence to render them comfortable; and though I shall not, probably, meet them again in this world, may God bless them here and hereafter.

CHAP. VII.

My friend Mathews, at this time, was in Paris; but soon after the failure of my play, his amiable, and I may justly add, beautiful wife, favoured me with the following note:

My Dear Sir,

Will you dine with me at the Cottage, on Monday, at four o'clock; perhaps Dowton will accompany you—solicit for me:—but this is not all; believe me, I feel for your disappointment, and am fearful circumstances, in a pecuniary point of view, may not be so well as your friends may wish. Open your mind to me—make use of my purse; Mathews has left it pretty well stocked, and if I know any thing of his disposition nothing would please him more than rendering you assistance. So when you come on Monday, name but your virtuous wants, and I shall be happy to supply them. With every good and kind wish,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your most sincere well-wisher, &c. &c.

This truly kind, commiserating feeling, riveted the fair writer more deeply in that esteem her husband and herself had, for years, held a first place in, and I pride myself that, in the midst of unparalelled misfortunes, I have always had the happiness to possess the friendship of a few of those eccentric and unfashionable beings, who feel no diminution of regard for those whom they consider worthy of it, let circumstances be what they may.

I now close the account with Drury-lane Theatre, the Algerine committee, and all its *wise* and *liberal* members. I envy not their rank nor their riches, if the dulness of their heads and the hardness of their hearts are to be attached to them.

On Monday, Dowton accompanied me to the delightful home of the worthy Mrs. Mathews, where a small party of elegant and well-informed females rendered the evening enchantingly pleasant, and only lacked the valuable presence of its heart-cheering owner to render it luxurious. I took an opportunity to say every thing

that gratitude could dictate, in return for the pecuniary assistance so feelingly proposed by Mrs. Mathews; but my wants had, for the present, been relieved by the assistance of another kind friend, who, like that lady, had volunteered his services.

Having obtained a strong footing in the warm heart of the poor Irishman, Murtoch, by presenting him with the mutilated boots, it was almost impossible to pass either in or out of the house without his notice, either by a most awkwardly obsequious bow, or some witty sentence, given in a way that added very much to its effect. That morning I met him in the passage; he followed me to the door, and spoke in a low voice, as if he had something of vast importance to communicate. "Is yer honour fond of delightful delicate harmony, because my old lady, Mrs. M'Kinley, from some place in the *sky* that hangs over Scotland, is this present evening to have a concert of ancient and mighty melodious music, so I'd advise you, Sur, not to be out

after nine of the clock, for the music will be mighty sweet to listen to in your honour's room *contageous.*

It was near ten when I returned, and as I had forgotten Murtoch's intelligence about the concert of ancient music, I was not a little surprised, as I entered my apartments, to be greeted with the strangest compound of horrid dins and discordant sounds that ever distracted the ear of an Englishman, nor could I, for a considerable time, make out by what means it was produced; but Murtoch, finding my door open, obtruded his head, and observed, with an arch look, "There, Sir, did'nt I say the thing; is'nt it mighty sweet and melodious; by the powers, the old lady's snorting and snuffling yonder, and the grate big dew drops are tumbling down every curve in her countenance, like little canals of salt *say* water, and yonder's two old Scotchmen puffing and droning, and squaking away like two pigs in a gate, and my lady calls it ancient music: by the powers, a sow-gelder's horn is divine harmony to it."

With all due deference to national prejudice, and that attachment which every one feels for the place, the things, and the people, of the country in which they were born, I must, notwithstanding its martial influence having melodiously whistled many a bra' lad to his grave, singular as it may appear, differ from my Caledonian friends, on the merits of their national music, the bagpipe; so that Murtoch's concert of ancient music proved so inharmonious to my ear, that I was on the point of retiring to the adjoining coffee-house, when a cessation of hostilities took place, and the pipers retired, with all the honours of war in the shape of two half-crowns.

Possessing a soul easily "influenced by concord of sweet sounds," the relief my mind obtained from the departure of the pipers may easily be conceived, and having been favoured by a general invitation from the old lady, who had cast aside her prejudices, and deigned to peruse the Itinerant, expressing a degree of respect for its author, I in future took advantage occa-

sionally of her invitation. This evening, the two little dogs, Sky and Mull, made known my arrival, in their usual way, by joyfully barking and running about, so that the pipers had scarcely left the room, when Murtoch was dispatched with a polite invitation.

As I approached, the old lady was disposing of the last proof of national affection for national music, so called, with her handkerchief, and left her little eyes inflamed with the effects of her generous feelings for *auld lang syne.*

"Ah, Mr. Romney, ye'r just come twa minutes too late; ye'r oot o' luck, mun, or ye might have indulged yer lugs wi a sample of ancient melody that wad have gard ye danced for joy. I'm thinking, Mr. Romney, that its muckle strange in yer play-houses, though I dunna gang tull 'em, and speak but fra hearsay, that encouragement is given to Italian singers, French horns, and hautboys, but na sic a thing as a bra Scotch bagpipe to be met wi. Ah, when I was a lassie, a comely

chiel of sixteen, there were but twa pipers in aw the bonny Isle of Sky. Sandy Macgregor and Donald Macduggall, and wheneer they ganged towards Heatherbel Hall, ye may think I didna ken them gang by, without a bannack ben, and a wee drappy of gude whisky, and when they struck up the reel of bogy, gude faith I'd kilt my coats and jig it away like a Rea upon the mountain. Ah, there's nothing in the world like a bagpipe, let ye'r English bragsters clatter what they will."

It would have been difficult to have answered the old lady in any way pleasing; most luckily, however, it proved unnecessary, for Murtoch, who had not left the room at the finish of the last sentence, with his native imprudent simplicity, burst into a loud laugh, upon which the colour flew into the face of his mistress, and after rubbing, with much force, a huge pinch of snuff into her little snub nose, she rose precipitately. "I'll not be fashed with thee another day, thou awsome coof; gang oot, I say, ablins thou art sent here by the

evil one to gar me to sin; three days thou hast beset me, and I am rightly served; I ken well the proverb, 'Tis easier to keep the dee'l Butt than drive him Ben; gang oot, I say, ye'r as daff as yer days awld; what could have induced thee, thou beast o' Babylon, to burst out i' sic a horse laugh."

"By the powers, my lady, do'nt be angry and I'll tell you now; I am above all prejudice of education, my lady, as they call it, because I never had any at all, so I can have no prejudice in favour of instruments of music, except a knife and fork, and a plate, by way of accompaniment. Now, my lady, when you said there was nothing like a Scotch bagpipe in the world, to be sure, then thinks I, Ireland must be out of the world, or her ladyship would have thought of the darling sweet Irish pipes, so I could not help laughing, to think that yon two brawny beggars in petticoats, blowing their glister pipes and squeezing their bladders till one's ears were ready to come down at one's nostrils, should

be compared with the soft notes of the Union pipes of Old Ireland. Oh, I have heard them so smooth and pianat in Paddy Cary, lee dee diddle de dee." Here he began to imitate, which, together with his sarcasm on Scotch bagpipes, quite settled accounts with his mistress; her countenance indicated a thousand dismissals, and unable to articulate, she rose again from her chair, with intent, no doubt, to show him the door, which Murtoch observing, saved her the trouble, by making a precipitate retreat.

Again seating herself, and again taking a huge pinch of snuff, "What can I do with this cheil o' Satan, Sir, this awfa wicked sinner, ye ken his conduc: I canna say that I ever met wi any circumstance that work'd up so evil a spirit in my mind as this reprobate has effected. He's sent on purpose to accelerate the work of the dee'l his master; he shall wallop in the morning; I dunna ken that I am justified i' the eye o' the kirk, in harbouring a disciple of the *scarlet whore*, a

Papistical cheil of Beelzebub, sent to awaken my besetting sin, that has hitherto been kept in subjection by religious discipline and incessant supplication."—Here she paused, but finding I made no reply, after replenishing her nose, she thus proceeded, "An yet, if this ignorant creature is again let loose in the world and lost, I dunna ken how I can reconcile mysel to be the cause of his destruction; for if the dee'l finds him idle, I'm thinking he'l soon supply him wi' business.

"Mr. Romney, I have taken the liberty to request yer company for awhile, and as I seldom gang out, ye ken, and have wee knowledge among the foke ith this muckle toon, it will be the mare excuseable. The twa first volumes of the amusing book, called the *Itinerant*, that ye wer kind enough to lend, I have kenn'd throughout wi muckle entertainment, and monny a hearty laugh, but I mun say, with aw humility, I should hae read it with mare pleasure, if the dialogue had savoured of the kirk a wee bit, instead of

the play-hoose; and permit me, Sir, wi a blessing, to express my wonder, that as ye say a theatrical profession was by no means the desire of yer mind, that ye didna seek out for a heavenly call, and become a minister o' the kirk; ye might then have displayed yer oratory to a better purpose, than by vomiting forth the poisonous principles of levity, licentiousness, and blasphemy, that's to be met wi i' those devil's dreams called tragedies and comedies.—Ah, its awsome to reflec, and presumptuous to repeat the unwholesome things that I am informed are said and done within the walls of a theatre."

CHAP. VIII.

The old lady now took breath and snuff, and I had an opportunity of making a reply, for which I was fully prepared, in justification of the profession in which, as she justly observed, I had for many years been an unwilling member.

"You have, my dear Madam, done me the honor to read the Itinerant, and are pleased to say you there met with matter both pleasing and instructive. The Itinerant is the life of an actor, and I naturally suppose you would not have received pleasure in perusing poisonous principles of levity and licentiousness. You have been informed, madam, that unwholesome things are said and done within the walls of a theatre, and doubtless it is the interest of those who feed fat on the superstition and credulity of ignorant, though often worthy,

people, to alarm and frighten their weak and illiterate followers with these high sounding terms, lest they should become too well informed for their *purposes*, but for which, madam, there is no more foundation than there would be for me to assert, as some people, and those not the most uninformed, think, that the preachers of your kirk, as well as many others, are mercenary hypocrites, and that the horrid doctrines of Calvinistic predestination, attributed to the Deity, are foul and blasphemous assertions against the goodness, justice, and mercy, of an all-wise and benevolent Being. What may be done, as you say, madam, within the walls of a theatre, I cannot answer for. In all large bodies of people there may be much virtue and much vice, over which there can be no control, but from conscience, if they have any, and the laws of the country; it is the same in your kirk; and as to what is said or repeated on the stage, for that I can answer, from many years experience, that *vice*, in general, is held up to

scorn and *detestation*, whilst virtuous principles and practices are brought forward, as the only means of happiness here and hereafter.

> "To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
> To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

The players, madam, not only repeat but represent the character, and that in a way far more effective than the dull monotonous declamation and dismal drone of a fanatical preacher, or any other; the one is hearsay, the other personification, the eye, the ear, and the heart being in palpitating requisition. The one skims lightly over the surface of the soul, whilst the other dives to the bottom, and opens the very sluices of acute sensibility, which the sobs and glistening eyes of thousands can testify.

"As to the moral conduct of theatrical people, it is neither better nor worse than that of others; but this I will say, from experience of both, that, as a stranger in distress, had I to apply for pecuniary re-

lief to players, and preachers, from the former I should expect as much, or more than their means would justify, but from the latter, plenty of cant, but no coin.

"The poor they will chide, with the rich they'll agree,
Their beaver touch twice, but not ance their baubee."

"Ah, Sir, you are unca severe upon our ministry, but, gude faith, there's nae love lost between ye, for I have often heard minister M'Norton say fra the sacred pulpit, where ane thinks he would na lee, that a *theatre* was the deel's outspeckle, and aw the players pickpockets in disguise." "There, madam, the kirk has the advantage of a theatre, I must confess, for, according to your own account, there are many pickpockets on the stage, whilst in the pulpit you have but one.

"Let me not be thought, in this philippic, to glance the shaft of satire at the truly pious Christian. God forbid; I envy and revere the character in the *man*, and, when it is to be found, respect it in the *minister*. But every one who is the least acquainted

with the world, will, I think, acknowledge, that of late years religion is become a flourishing mercenary speculation. And though, madam, my previous observations may not apply in general, yet I fear, in the abstract, they will be found but too true."

It may easily be imagined that these broad sentiments, spoken with fearless confidence, in opposition to long-formed and long-flattered prejudices, did not altogether please the old lady; however, she happened to be one of those good souls, of which there are many within the sanctuary of superstition, whose warm and philanthropic feelings even bigotry cannot benumb, and in whose bosom even priests cannot promote a *holy* hatred for their fellow-creatures.

Another pinch of snuff was now forced into the little lump, in the meridian of her round and ruddy countenance, which, had it not been formed of tough materials, must long since, from frequent and energetic application, have been rubbed off; and collecting her features into a half frown

and half smile, exhibited one of the oddest countenances—a sort of mixture of pleasure and pain—as much as to say, that is something like the truth, but it is very profane; and after applying, as usual, the nasal polisher three times, backwards and forwards, "I'll tell ye what, Mr. Romney, though I don't like yer mode of speaking of the ministry, yet there is some truth i' yer observations, for ane's hand's hardly ever out of ane's pocket, what wi Beible Societies, Auxeeliary Brawnch, Ladies, Meesionary subscriptions, conversion of the Jews, &c. a muckle and a heavy purse would soon be emptied; and then ane's not a baubee left for a poor starving body, begging at the door. But, ye ken, its aw for the good of their souls, and that's mare precious than their bodies."

"'Tis said so, madam, but don't you think it would be a duty more pleasing to the Creator, to relieve our starving neighbours at home, before we supply with luxuries a set of lazy drones, who, under a pretence of inspiration, and, as you say, the good of

souls, carry away thousands yearly, into foreign countries."

"Why you ken, Sir, Idinna hold myself qualified to judge o' kirk duties, and ministerial functions. We are told, Sir, that the wisdom of men is foolishness, and therefore I dinna gave way to carnal reason, which gars me rather, I must say, to be of your opinion. And so ye ken wei'l say no more aboot it; for though ye may caw these things superstitious, if they lead to gude practice, ane should na do weel to depart fra them. I am of a very ancient and relegious family, Mr. Romney, my example is kend to by my country-folk; and ye'll keep in mind, if ane sheep leep ore the dike, aw the lave will follow. And now to change the subjec, as in all probability, at your time of life, experience will have furnished ye wi' a knowledge of character in general; let me ask, wi' aw humility, what is your opinion of English lawyers; for I maun say I have brought twa Scotch bairns, ca'd advocates, along wi' me, at na wee expense; and if the deil

were to toss up a bawbee, he'd be ill set which to choose. Ye ken, Sir, I come aw the way frae the Isle o' Sky, to be fashed about a suit i' what they caw Chancery, a word I dinna rightly comprehend; but I'm thinking frae the time it has been ganging on, now eleven years, it must signify, that if a body ance gets into Chancery, its a muckle *chance* ane neer gets out."

This satirical remark at our English laws, was concluded with a sort of victorious chuckle, and a degree of humorous feeling sparkled in her eyes, whilst her nose was again liberally replenished. I complimented the old lady on the justness of her remarks; and took the liberty to observe, that however dishonest the disciples of the law in both countries occasionally might be, the fault lay in the law itself, which placed it in the power of evil-minded men, to injure and ruin the ignorant. I then repeated as much as I could remember, of the dialogue that passed between the two Scotch lawyers, at the Grecian Coffee-house.

"Hoot, mun, those are the twa twains a the dee'l that I brought wi' me fra Scotland; ane tells great humming lees, and 'tother swares they're true. But this is i' confidence, Mr. Romney."

"Then why don't you discharge them, ma'am?"

"Hoot, sail, quoth the king, haud quoth the wind; for I'm so tethered and fashed by these grampusses, that I canna shak them off; and ye may be sure they'll neer gang o' their ain accord, for the banes of a muckle estate, are worth the picking. —Ah! monny's the time, that I ha grat by the hour at the awfu wicked conduc of these fashous tormentors.—To bring me so mony hundred mile frae hame; "for an auld tree, ye ken, won't bear transplanting," and mony's the time when they have come ben to me in this toon, for mair siller, that I have speered o' them how they could find i' their conscience; but no sooner had I opened my lips aboot conscience, hoot awa, they were doon stairs in a crack; but not till they had got the siller ye ken."

Three gentle raps at the door put an end to the conversation, and Murtoch made his appearance, requesting to know, whether he must admit the dirty looking gentleman, that sells the small bits of paper, folded up so nice and genteel.—Here's one for the gentleman in the other room, price a tirteen, and three-halfpence; I'll get one as big as two of it in Ireland for a marvidee, so I bid him a tenpenny, and he turned up his swivel eye like a duck in tunder." As I suspected the letter was for me, I asked the old lady's permission to retire, and found one of the most welcome, and at the same time the most unexpected epistles I had ever yet received.—It run as follows.

Preston.

DEAR SIR,

Your Preston friends perceive with much regret, from the report in the papers, that your dramatic effort, for the promotion of which you were hurried from this town, and encouraged by Mr. Kean and the Drury-lane committee, has failed; we condole with your loss, and feel for your disappointment, natu-

rally concluding that the expenses of your journey, and two months residence in town, must have exhausted your finances; I am empowered to say, if you will call at the warehouse of Mr. Samuel Horrocks, you will receive ten pounds, as a mark of our friendship. And to prove that our regard for your domestic comforts, and esteem for Mrs. R—— has not been lessened or overlooked, we have remitted twenty pounds to Parkgate. With every good wish for your better success in life,

I remain, Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend, &c.

JAMES FORSHAW.

I found it impossible to get half through this letter, a strong convulsed motion of the glands about the throat attacked me; I paused a few seconds to breathe more easily, read on, and at the conclusion of the kind letter threw myself on the sofa, and sunk into a woman's weakness. Not all the misery of my play's failure, or pecuniary embarrassments, produced so great an effect on the physical and mental powers, as this unexpected generous conduct of my kind Preston friends: a pleasing painful sensation to be conceived, but

not described. It is engraven deeply on my heart, never to be erased.

Pleasure is increased and pain lessened by communication.—To let go a little of the gratitude from my overcharged heart, I returned to the old lady, whom I found lecturing Murtoch for his late imprudent conduct.—" Ye ken, Mr. Romney, this crater is ane of never-doe-well's bairns, the mair gude advice ane gives him, the war he is; gang aboot yer busoness, yer a awfu crater." " A crater, my lady, you sure don't mane a dum crater, there's not a dum crater in all Ireland; even a pig will speak when spoken to, and by the powers of—" " There again now, gang Ben, I say, foregather yer brains, and recollec I winna suffer swearing in my hoose." " If yer ladyship had heard me out, you would'nt have been angry; I was going to say by the powers of Moll Kelly, and sure there could be no swearing to call down the powers of poor Moll upon the top of our heads, for she was the best boiler of pratees in all Ireland." " Gang, But, I

say, there's nae being angry nor pleased wi sic a fashious body; hoot away mun, I say, why don't ye gang." "I'm going, my lady, but the poor little puppies twist so about my heels that if I'd been a dancing master I'd not make steps quick enough to get away from them. Poor little souls, see how merry they are, they are not at all displeased wid poor Murtoch, my lady." "Nor I neither, so gang yer gate."

There was something so whimsical and interesting in the native humour of this poor Hibernian that beat down all the gravity the old lady could summon up.—Oh Ireland, richly gifted but ill treated country! wit, kindness, and hospitality, are thy aborigines; thy generous soil brings forth abundance of nature's bountiful blessings for other countries to enjoy.

As this excellent old lady had expressed some interest in my welfare, I longed to share with her the joy of my success. After a short apology I communicated the contents of my Preston letter, and could read the feelings of her kind heart in the complacency of her countenance.

"Yer i' luck, Mr. Romney, the gude folk i' Preston claim muckle gratitude, though I dunna like the title o' the toon; for it brings to mind the sare and bloody contest between my countrymen and yer's at Preston-Pans. Ah, it was an awfu day; but now ye a got hold of the siller, stick tull it, Sir; put twa pennies i' yan purse and they'll cling together, for ye ha bit sare o' the bridle fra the respectable setting out i' life ye first possessed; and the higher up, the greater the faw,—may the Lord prosper yer future exertions, and I have muckle hope he will take ye out o' that deel's warehouse, the Theatre."

I now bade Mrs. M'Kinley good day, and retired to my room, meditating on the strange occurrences of my eventful life. In gratitude to my worthy Preston friends, I immediately penned as feeling and grateful a reply to their kind letter as my ability would permit. It had been my intention, ever since the failure of my play, to make a public effort to retrieve my forlorn circumstances, at the Crown and Anchor

Tavern; for this purpose the "Brooms" were advertised, and considerable expense incurred, but not entirely without effect; so that between the generosity of my friends in Lancashire, and the patronage of many liberal persons in town, who, through commiseration, friendly feelings, or curiosity, favoured me with their support, I became, in a small way, a monied man; the inhabitants of the cottage of comfort were for a time provided for; and I possessed something to bear me to them with a little to spare.

Here was a most unforeseen rescue from a situation apparently desperate;—my worthy friends, the Methodists, will, with uplifted eyes, ascribe all this to providential interference, to which I most devoutly subscribe.—The Calvinist will undertake to prove that these things were pre-ordained before the beginning of time; but I leave it to theological casuists to determine, or disagree, on necessity or free-will. With as much sincerity, however, as any of them, I laid my hand on my heart, and inwardly ejaculated, *thank God.*

Amongst those who came forward in the warmth of friendship, during this trying time, were Thomas Dibdin, one of the best hearted creatures in the world; —Charles Mathews, that humorous and never-to-be-equalled delineator of human nature's defects;—William Dowton, an actor, cast in nature's best mould, and my never-to-be-forgotten old friend Maddox, formerly of Drury-lane, and secretary to the theatrical fund. If these worthies live to read this work, it will give their honest hearts pleasure, to find that their friendship has not been thrown away on an ungrateful heart.—Nor must I forget to pay another tribute of gratitude: Kean, one morning with much good nature in his countenance, after a friendly shake, left a five-pound note in my hand. When times grew better I called to repay the money, but no persuasion could prevail on him to receive it; his consciousness, no doubt, of having drawn me into the vortex of ruin, most likely led him to make this small reparation; and I must do him the

justice to say, that in my opinion, had it not been for envious toad-eating advisers, his inclination, if left to itself, would have led him to serve me; but Mr. Kean, like many other good-natured people, was too easily led, even against his own conviction; for any one at all acquainted with his character, will not set down want of generosity amongst his besetting sins.

Three days had now elapsed since I had visited Mrs. M'Kinley, although her wee doggies, as she called them, were never out of my room, when I was in it, except during the night. I had entertained a high respect for this good old lady; every thing in her character was interesting, save and except the too frequent introduction of Scotch proverbs; her remarks were shrewd, her conceptions clear, as long as theology was left out of the question; and her attachment to the brute creation, and indeed to every living creature, was to me such a bewitching trait in her character, that had it not

been for the snuff with which at all times she was plentifully bedaubed, I could have embraced her as a being of heavenly composition.

Feeling a strong inclination to visit her, I rang the bell for Murtoch, and he soon made his appearance.

"Murtoch, I wish to pay a visit to your lady; is she at leisure?"

"No, sir, she's at loggerheads."

"What do you mean, Murtoch?"

"Why, sur, yonder's those two mighty bad characters, the tormentors, as my lady calls them, no bad name your honour for lawyers, and by the powers they're making such a hullobolue, the fish-shambles is soft music to it."

"Is the young lady, your mistress's niece, there?"

"What, the walking contortion, that kicks up a row about the little puppies, and stalks about like a corkscrew in petticoats, wid her head up like a drinking hen; no, yer honour, she's had a tunder an ounds dismissal with two fleas in her ear, for she

called this blessed morning, and my mistress told me to say she was not at home; so when she came, I said, madam, my lady says she's not at home; that's a slap of the chops, thinks I. So, sur, she began to twist about like a live snig in a frying-pan, divil a word she said, but "Go on," to the coach-captain, and he sail'd away in a jiffy."

"Give my best respects to Mrs. M'Kinley, if she's disengaged, I'll do myself the honour to take a cup of tea this evening."

"I'll do that thing, yer honour, and I'll hold a marvady she'll cram her small bilbery-nose full of the best blackguard, when she hears the glad tidings."

The facility with which the lower classes of the Irish express themselves, and the terms they select, though they appear, and really are whimsical, are to me highly entertaining; at the same time they convey their ideas in a more forcible manner, than the most polished language could effect.

He soon returned laughing and rubbing his elbow. "I've left the lady, sur, in the midst of combustibles, and if she did'nt supply her little fire-engine every half-minute wid a bucket of blackguard, she'd be blown up. There's the tormentors scolding and firing away like fish wives. My lady, said I, the gentleman in the other room begs his best obedience, and if yer ladyship would wish to be alone, he'll come and take tay wid ye. So, sur, as soon as she'd scolded me for calling her my ladyship, polished her bilberry wid two wipes and a smoother, 'Bare my best respects,' said she, 'I shall look upon him as a heavenly being coming to take me out of purgatory.' Yes, sur, purgatory was the very word; I could not help thinking it was a bit of a blunder, because she has a mighty dislike to Papists, and calls them all *scarlet whores*. To be sure I'm a Papist, but I'm no whore of any colour at all."

I accordingly found the old lady alone, save her usual merry companions the

poodles. She had a good-natured smile on her countenance, arising, perhaps, from the pleasure she felt at being free from those greatest of all plagues, the lawyers.

After offering her snuff-box, that promoter of friendly intimacy, she began to inform me that her law-suit was ended; the Scotch lawyers paid off and dismissed, adding archly, "when deel's are But, grace comes Ben." I then congratulated her on the pleasant state of her affairs; and observed, I had reason to fear reconciliation was at a greater distance, from the violent language the lawyers used to each other.

"To their clack, Sir, I am indebted for the conclusion of this fashious business. When rogues differ, ye ken, honest folk may get their due. In short, Sir, I plainly perceived, frae what fell frae them i' dispute, that there was na chance for our side but plague and expense; and as what was gone by could na be cawd back, I thought it best to incur no further loss."

Murtoch not having left the room, and

his mistress being in high spirits, she inquired whether there were any lawyers in Ireland? "Lawyers, my lady, I was educated at Drag Bog, near Balllnomuch; and though I can neither read nor write, I have been taught better things than keep such company. My father used to say, Murtoch, said he, the bottomless pit is full of lawyers." "Again, how many times must I warn ye to pay a proper respec to sacred things?" "The bottomless pit, my lady, is not sacred at all, because there's no saints in it. It was digged by the old sarpent; ah! it's a hell-of-a-place, my lady."

"Gang yer gait, ye licentious reprobate, I'll not hear holy things made a jest of."

Upon this Murtoch moved slowly towards the door, muttering to himself, "to be sure, this is the first time I've heard that hell was a holy thing."

But in his energy to make himself understood he made a laughable mistake; for having filled the tea-pot, he was walking off with it, having left the kettle on the table in its place.

This blunder entirely disarmed the old lady of her anger, and her whole frame became convulsed with laughter. "It is impossible Mr. Romney," said she, wiping away a tear that laughter had produced, "to keep ane's countenance wi' this fashious daffing; he gars ane begratten as muckle as if ane was sitting under meenister M'Norton. He's a wicked sinner, but I dunna think he kens the awfuness of his crimes."

"There is something, madam, that influences me very much in favour of this poor Irishman, awkward, uncouth, and ignorant as he is."

"Ye'r right, Sir; he is aw this, nevertheless, there is much native talent about him, and for integrity, I am deceived, or he's a cheil of gude intention; in fac, Sir, though I dunna wish the creature should ken my partiality, unless something unco awfu transpires, I dunna mean to part wi' him, in hopes that yan day, by hearing of the meenistry, he may become a babe o' grace."

I have often wondered at the inconsistency of this excellent and otherwise well-informed female. Her education had been liberal, her intellect was superior, and her heart susceptible of the most noble feelings, yet touch upon one subject, and she sunk from a woman of wisdom, to use her own expression, into a wain of folly, prejudice, and superstition. This poor Catholic, of whom there are millions of excellent people, was, in her opinion, totally ignorant of the *only* way to heaven, the path to which could only be pointed out by the tedious, monotonous, and reprobating sermons of the ministers of the kirk. Nevertheless, the worthy Mrs. M'Kinley was a Scotch pebble of most intrinsic value.

CHAP. IX.

Any one acquainted with the singular circumstances of my eventful life would naturally conclude that my existence was prolonged for thepurpose of myencountering a continual succession of singular events, frequently painful, but sometimes pleasant. What would Charles Mathews have given for such an original character as Mrs. M'Kinley. His fertile genius and unrivalled talent would soon have dressed and served her up as a mental feast for the sons of Momus.

The rooms occupied by Mrs. M'Kinley faced Northumberland-street, and being a more private way to the House of Commons, coachmen frequently used it for expedition-sake. The tea-things were removed, and a pleasant half-hour had passed, when a noise in the street below

attracted our attention to the window; the watchmen were running in every direction, and we could observe a hackney-coach surrounded by a mob of people, two of whom were inclosed by a ring, to make room for practice in the elegant science of boxing. Though I detest prize-fighting, yet when a man bravely resents an insult to himself, wife, sister, or friend, I consider him worthy of support, and on this ground only can pugilism be justified. As it was discernible, by the light of the lamps, that one of the combatants bore a higher rank in society than the other, by the whiteness of his linen, I concluded this must be the weaker side, and of course I sincerely wished him success.

With the assistance of my arm Mrs. M'Kinley had reached the window; but as soon as she beheld the contending parties she turned abruptly away, and disposing of an immense pinch of snuff, hobbled towards her chair, archly observing, "I'm thinking, Mr. Romney, I've often heard

the dee'l was in London, but never saw him at work before."

Having seated the old lady I ran down stairs, determined, as far as lay in my power, to see fair play, or put an end to the contest, by reconciling the parties, and was precipitately opening the street-door, when I found my progress arrested by a violent tug at the skirts of my coat, and a loud exclamation, "Don't do that, Sir; don't do that, be de holy fader ye'll be kilt." Breaking, however, from the powerful grasp of the friendly Hibernian, I rushed into the street; but the crowd had increased, and the ring-makers having joined arms I found it impossible, after various attempts, to obtain a view of the combatants. At length one of the antagonist's measured his length on the pavement with such a thwack as might have been heard at a considerable distance, and this put a period to the contest. A general shout now pierced the air, and "Well done, little one," was echoed from every

mouth; but not content with this mark of approbation they placed him on their shoulders, and in this state carried him triumphant several times round the street. But what was my surprise, when in the champion I beheld no less a personage than—not the once brave Charles Camelford—not the once celebrated John Gully—but the—his speech will soon introduce him to the reader's knowledge, if he has accompanied me through the former volumes of the Itinerant. "That's yer sort—go it, my lads—I'm a cus for a coach at any time—the last knock-down did it; if I hadn't my bot I should have sent him to glo; my name's Hat, the immortal Hat, from Brum—let 'em come on;—fair, play, that's all. Here I stand; down they go—nine men in buck, down with em. Six more, down with em. Shout, lads, shout, three times three—huzza," &c.

This most whimsical harangue, as they paraded with the gentleman on their shoulders, had an effect not to be described;—his humorous mode of speaking, then the

attitudes he exhibited to show fight threw every one into convulsions of laughter, so that when he concluded three more distinct rounds of applause followed. It may easily be supposed that I felt some pleasure at the sight of my old Birmingham friend Hatoff, of abbreviating memory, and kept my eye on him in hopes of catching his; at last the deed was done, and he leapt from the mens' shoulders, and inclosing me in his arms, exclaimed, "Rom, Rom; the immortal Rom, gentlemen, from the Cot of Com, at Parkgate—auth of the Itin—a lad of knol: but where are my clothes, my hearties—where's my toggy and my castor." He now began to find that he was without hat, coat, and waistcoat, and a general inquiry took place. "Where's the gemman's clothes?" was universal. Now it will naturally enough be imagined that a handsome hat, coat, and waistcoat would not easily be forthcoming amongst a multitude of people, in the meridian of London, and most of them of the lower class; but at a fight in London the

clothes of the combatants are always held sacred.

This general inquiry for the clothes was soon answered by a voice from the midst of the throng, "I threw the gentman's duds into the coach for fear of the scamps," from whence they were immediately produced; and my friend having put them on, exclaimed, with his usual energy, "Now Richard's himself again." The little man's kind disposition always prompted him to redress grievances, more especially when they were of his own creating, led him to inquire after the losing combatant. "But I say, my masters, where's poor coach; not leave him in the mud—no, that's not glo for a champ." He was then informed that the unfortunate coachman had shut himself up within his vehicle, with the loss of much blood. "A glass of bran and five shills will cure the ras; so tell him to drive to the Golden Cross." He was then informed that the thing was impossible, for the man could not see two yards before him. "Then I'll drive myself," said he,

taking me by the arm, "Come, Rom, mount." He then jumped up, took the reins, and I seated myself by his side; but here was a difficulty to overcome; my friend, as far as a gig went, was a tolerable driver, only having overturned himself four times in two years' travelling, but not being used to a pair of horses, and the coach having to turn back, in a narrow street, was a matter that required some skill. "I say, Rom, I've turned a thing or two in my time; but a coach, my boy, —eh—how is it?" The people perceiving his situation took the horses by the head, and gently led them round in safety, and away he drove amidst the joyous shouts of the people.

"There, there, take it quietly, my boys; I've got ye out of one hob, that devil of a coach would have whipped your eyes out if I had not given him the cross-but." We now arrived at the Golden Cross, and the worthy little man ordered buckets of water and oats; at the same time cheering and encouraging the noble animals,

who absolutely, by clapping down their ears and frisking their heads, seemed to show instinctive gratitude. He then opened the coach-door, and addressed the coachman. "Now thou baptized brute, for thou art no chris, what dost thou say for thyself. Well, well, here's a pound rag for thee; go thy way, and sin no more."

We were then shown into a private room.—"Now my boy, Rom, we'll have a bot together; here, waiter, bring a bot of clar; well, and how hast gone on? play damned, eh? lads of knol hard to please here."—As I wished to change the subject, I inquired what could induce him to enter the list with the coachman. "This, this, my boy," he replied, placing his hand on his left side, "the *heart*, that has made the immortal Hat this day champ in the field of glo, and chaired by the lads of knol;—thought I would go to the House of Com;—ordered a coach;—didn't like the tits though;—poor as rats;—couldn't get on;—so I downed with the win;—what are you at now? said I.

"I tell you vat, Sir," said he, "if you'll stay vare you are and be quiet, if I don't make um mizzle, damp my peepers."—So I bundled out to see what manœuvres we were to have next, and what do you think he was at? why, changing his whip-cord to wire.—And will that do the job, said I. "I'll tell ye how I does it, ven I tickles his bit of raw on the off-shoulder, vith this here vire, he'll dance along like a new one. —He will, will he, you scoun, said I.—Take that; so I tipped him a chop, and to it we went. You are up to all the rest, so here's my service to you."

The waiter made his appearance. "Gentlemen, here's a queer kind of livery servant," says he, "must see Mr. Romney." —Shew him in.—The door was again slowly opened, sufficiently wide to admit the rough head of poor Murtoch, being as much of his body as he chose to venture at one time, so that he might more easily secure a retreat if necessary.—Then with a sorrowful countenance he exclaimed, "Come out of that, Sir, come out of that,

the old lady my mistress says none but a daff chiel will sit wid a madman."—I plainly saw through this mistake; the old lady most likely had witnessed the whole of my friend Hat's exhibition in Northumberland-street, and took him for a madman, at the same time feeling some alarm for my safety.—"Waiter, bring honest Pat a glass of good whiskey," exclaimed my friend, "the best of all drink, isn't it, Pat? —"Ye may say that," replies Murtoch, encouraged by the cheering word, introducing the whole of his body by degrees. "Mad, snre there never was a madman that loved whiskey; because why, a naggin or two would soon bring him to his senses. Here's my sarvis to you gentlemen. I'll go back and tell the old lady that you're both mighty quiet and rational, looking in de map of old Ireland, for good Inishone."—The night being far advanced, I retired with the honest Hibernian, promising to dine with my friend the next day.

It now became necessary, to use an

Irishism, to turn my thoughts towards the place from whence they had never long strayed--to the Cot at Parkgate; which now, in spite of the hard-hearted committee, the pompous stage-manager, and the neglect of pretended friends, possessed, for a time at least, the means of comfort, thanks to the unexpected letter from my generous Preston friends, and the liberality of Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, my publishers, to whom I am indebted for many pecuniary favours, and would warmly recommend authors of every description, whose talent entitle them to notice. They will meet with honourable men, who, though *booksellers*, and publishers, possess feelings that do honour to their calling, their motto being, I know by experience, to "live and let live."

The next morning was spent in taking leave of those whose kindness had made a deep impression on my mind. Moving towards Covent-garden, with intent to say farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Lattee, a kind couple, whose hospitable house and libe-

ral dispositions, helped to render many a miserable moment bearable; a voice greeted my ear, from a hackney coach.—"Rom remem, din at four, lads of knol, Dow, Ink, Em." From this I was led to understand, that Dowton, Incledon, and poor Emery, now no more, were to be of the party. When three or four theatricals are met together, mirth is in the midst of them; they abound with anecdote, and good-natured friendly feeling; the merry tale with talent told, the witty pun, the scientific song, circulate with the glass; whilst the retort courteous is always received and returned with good humour.

Such frequently is the flow of soul met with, in the heedless happy circles of theatrical conviviality. Let me not, however, be thought a cynic, or one who would wish to cast a reflection on the faculties of the Thespian corps; I know they are equal and frequently superior in talent and information, to the general; but habits of levity and convivial society, together with the frequent request that

their powers of pleasantry are in, and the duties of their profession, leave them little or no time for serious reflection, or improving discussion. With light hearts then, and good wishes towards each other, and, I sincerely believe, towards all mankind, at four o'clock our party met, and were received by the little wine merchant from Birmingham, with that hospitality and good humour, in which he so eminently excels. The dinner was of the best kind, and wine excellent, the toast slowly circulated with the glass; and I observed, with some astonishment, a more than common degree of stifled mirth, with difficulty withheld from bursting out, seated on the brow of all present except myself and Incledon; to whom they frequently addressed themselves, in ironical inquiries after his health, "how the Wellington lozenge had operated," &c. whilst with the utmost good nature he replied, "Go it, my boys—go it—a good joke—well done, Dow, the real Cakafogo—love a laugh—don't care at who."

"When I was singing God save the King, on board the ——" "Botheration, Charles, never mind God save the King, where's your Wellington lozenge."

It may, perhaps, be as well to pause a little here, and let the reader into the cause of all this mirth at the expense of my friend Incledon, for the whole was fully disclosed before we parted. The worthy Charles Incledon—and the title is deservedly applied, for a better tempered, or more honourable man is not to be met with—was fond himself of a joke, or in modern phraseology, a quiz, and no man felt less offended at often, very often, being the subject himself. Theatrical people are in the habit, at convivial parties, or indeed at any other time, of taking greater liberties amongst themselves, in speech, than any other body of people I am acquainted with; this is always done in great good humour; they are ready to give and ready to take, but never use these freedoms out of their own circle. There is another reason for their greater enjoyment

of these things than people in general; they have a quick conception of repartee, wit is never lost upon them, and be it ever so little, they give it welcome: many puns and jokes would fail before some people, through lack of comprehension, which with them have their full effect. The sufferer is never sore, but returns the ball with good humour the first opportunity. I remember, one evening, some years ago, Mathews and Dignum walking up and down Drury-lane green-room, arm in arm, during the play. They were conversing pretty loud, to the great amusement of all that were seated round, for poor Dignum's peculiarities, particularly a way of snorting in his conversation, were so admirably imitated by Mathews, that it was impossible to ascertain which was speaking; the laugh was universal, and Dignum took it all in good part. The green-room at that time used to be a mass of mirth, the warehouse of wit, and the circle of good humour.

As I before observed, no man could play

off upon others, or bear a joke himself, better than Incledon, and yet, by the boldness of his replies, and sometimes the coarseness of his language, an uninformed observer would be led to think him highly enraged, and so for the moment perhaps he was, yet his passion like a cracker ended in a bounce or two, and a good natured laugh always followed.

Incledon, at that time, had many singularities, and these frequently laid him open to the quizzing dispositions and imitative powers of his brother Thespians; he was possessed, likewise, of a considerable degree of credulity in all matters relative to physic; a tale told with a serious countenance of some wonderful cure affected by an advertised quack medicine, was sure to gain credit and a customer. He might properly have been styled Mr. Never-well, for he was scarcely ever without medicine of some kind or other, and frequently in his pocket. All the disorders incident to the human body he was subject to. On his table the Madeira bottle stood on one

side, and the physic bottle on the other: the *bane* and the *antidote*. After, and not before, a plentiful dinner and good wine, for health was not thought of on an empty stomach, he began to moralize and recollect the large black bottle with a label on his right hand; "dear creature, where's my physic, my darling; a saint, an angel, a guardian angel, in petticoats sent to protect me, Charles Incledon, the best English singer that ever stepped between trap and lamp," singing 'When black-eyed Susan,'—"it won't do—hoarse as a raven—my dear, where's my peruvian bark: health, you know, my dear creature, is above all things, except heaven; and the Lord's above that—we are poor creatures," sings 'Tom Starboard,' "Come, that's better—another glass of bark, thou sworn at-the-altar darling." Off goes a dose of decoction, and poor Charles fancies himself better for it; but soon, however, as an excuse to wash away the nauseous flavour of the bark, a tumbler of Madeira is swallowed with a hearty smack—"bloody good

—done the job—nothing like peruvian—never was better in my life, shiver me."

Incledon constantly laboured under the always dangerous effects of a plethoric habit; this was evident to all who knew him: the blood mounted too plentifully towards the head, and rendered Phlebotomy frequently necessary, which might have been obviated in a safer way by extreme temperance; but as the thing was to be done by physic, without the mortification of abstinence, he readily gave it the preference.

On his arrival in a town, his first inquiry was for a cupper, who generally took from him a considerable quantity of blood.

At Nottingham he had just undergone this salutary operation, when, calling at the shop of a worthy quaker, who, though not one of the strait-laced ones, bore deservedly, as these worthy people generally do, the character of a most benevolent and virtuous man; and who, like his countrymen, was an enthusiastic admirer of our melodist, as the first of English singers.

Charles, after his cupping, on entering this good man's shop, happened to trip as he entered the door, and the worthy quaker put out his hand to prevent him from falling, and considering this stumble to be the effects of intoxication, thus addressed him, "Friend Incledon, I rejoice to see thee once more in Nottingham. Thou seemest unwell; a glass of water may be salutary to thy overcharged stomach."—Incledon, not aware of the mistake the quaker laboured under, listened eagerly to this prescription, as indeed he did to all others, and replied, clapping his hand to his head, "Weakness, my dear friend, weakness, I am just cupped." "Yes, I see that," replied the quaker, "and in these cases I have heard there is nothing like a glass of warm water, by way of emetic." "Warm water—emetic—all humbug, Sir, it won't answer at all. Who's to play *Steady* to night, singing 'Whilst the lads in the village shall merrilly ah.' "Won't do, he has given me a cup too much. What do you think of it?" "Why, my

friend, I think as to your being steady, that's another thing, but warm water, I have always heard, was the best remedy for any man who has had a cup too much." —The mistake now burst upon him, and he laughed heartily.—" By the holy Pope, but that's a good one; Charles Incledon, first singer to the English fleet, now the wonderful warbler on the London boards, supposed to be drunk before dinner, ha, ha. I'll tell you what, my dear fellow, if all the parsons in the kingdom were assembled in your market place, with each a bottle of claret in one hand, and a glass in the other, and were to say, Charley, here's to thee, my dear boy, I'd not touch a drop before dinner; afterwards you know all's fair, good eating requires good drinking, starvation won't answer at all; no, no, here's my morning's stomachic, taking a box of pills out of his pocket, and swallowing two or three. The *staff*-pill, Sir, used in the army, only among tip tops; if it had'nt been for them, and the glorious elixer coniactic, your friend Charley

would have been in kingdom come, long ago, seated on a cloud, singing hallelujahs, accompanied by the angel Gabriel on a silver trumpet. And then what would have become of English Opera—Old Towler—Black-eyed Susan; to be sure you'd have your Mister Balam, with his squalanties—his beautiful maid—his Polacca—and his Poll my a--ers. Bloody humbug, Sir, might as well attempt to squeeze a— from a dead ass, as any thing like music from Mister Balam."

"Friend Incleton, how often must I caution thee against that foolish as well as wicked custom of swearing." "Ten thousand pardons, my dear friend; you are a good christian, a heavenly creature, a drab-coloured angel; God bless you, I'll not transgress again; Charles Incledon's a wicked sinner, hopes for pardon though; because he learned it fighting for his king and country, at sea. Sailors are a blasted set, they sware like hell's blazes." "Again Charles, Charles, I fear thou'rt incorrigible," "Bless your soul, my dear friend, forgive me, I'm indisposed,

never swear when I'm in health; staff-pills and elixer coniactic will do the job." He then left the worthy quaker, who made him promise to dine with him the next day, as a means of mending his bad habits. The history of the staff pills and elixer coniactic, is as follows:

There are people who are easily persuaded that they are ill, though nothing ails then. My friend Incledon was one of these, and his Thespian friends, aware of this weakness, often, in a harmless way, took advantage of his credulity. His custom of flying to medicine continually, on the most trifling occasion, or indeed without any occasion at all, awakened in the breasts of his real friends, and few men had more, a fear that his constitution would be injured by it, and persuasion had no effect. To prevent this, they hit upon a plan to supply him with a medicine, since medicine he would have, that could do no good, nor harm, and leave imagination to do the rest; the physician who was his friend, approved of the

scheme, and joined in it. Accordingly, the next time he came to consult, a prescription was sent to the apothecary, consisting of pills made of crumbs of bread, neatly covered with powder in the regular way, and as bread is called the staff of life, the box was labelled Staff-pills. A quart bottle, likewise, of weak brandy and water, altered in taste by a few drops of peppermint, was labelled Elixer Coniactic, a glass to be taken after dinner and supper. These had the desired effect, and my friend became much better in health.

It was laughable to behold him, with the most serious countenance, take the box from his pocket, and swallow his pills, laying his hand upon his stomach, launch out in praises of the doctor, and thanksgivings for the relief he had received from the wonderful medicine.

Query.—Would not this recipe, nine times out of ten, prove more safe and efficacious than most modern prescriptions?

This salutary deception he became acquainted with in the following manner:

Finding himself so much benefited by the pills and elixir, after taking them a considerable time, he called to pay the Apothecary's bill, who replied, "Why really, Sir, I do not know what to charge you; and if the faculty were to write many such prescriptions, Apothecaries might soon shut up shop: I shall charge one pound five for a gallon of brandy, and as to the pills, a pennyworth of bread made them all."—"*Brandy! bread-pills!* what do you mean, my dear boy." "Why the elixir coniactic was nothing but brandy and water, and the staff-pills crumbs of bread." "Very well, very well, pulling his six-fold neckcloth up to his ears, and clasping his hands together with great energy, then looking upward he stammered out, "By the immaculate ——." "Stop, Mr. Incledon," interrupted the apothecary, "don't be rash; this is the best and cheapest physic you ever took in your life." "Do you think so, my dear boy; how do you make that out?" "Why, Sir, for one month, thanks to the bread-pills, &c. you have

permitted your constitution to have fair play, by abstaining from the immense quantity of physic you were in the habit of daily loading your stomach with; and I ask are you not the better for it?"—"My dear fellow, give me your hand; you are an Esculapius---a Godbold---a Broadhum---a Solomon. But then to be queered by a set of humbugs---Cakafogo---Mumming---Joe, and that Yorkshire tyke. A set of bloody thieves; I'll be up with them." "I'd advise you to put up with it, Sir, for you may rest assured both your pocket and your constitution are saved, and remember 'Vitæ summa brevis.'"

This story will serve as a preface to the Wellington lozenge, which, as near as I can recollect, ran as follows:---Charles Young and a few more of his Thespian brethren, were lounging at the shop of a respectable facetious friend, in Bond-street, when a person came in to purchase an article called the Wellington lozenge, used for taking out stains from soldiers' coats, a small flat cake, about the size of a shil-

ling, with the impression of the general, and bore a very neat aspect; a grand hoax was immediately hit upon by the party. "It will do," said one, with high glee. "So it will," replied another, rubbing his hands, and the vendor joined heartily in the joke.

That night, the play was the Beggar's Opera, and the melodist dressed for Captain Macheath, in which he stood unrivalled, had scarcely taken three or four paces in the green-room, tuning up his pipes, a usual custom previous to the play, when his friend Young, whose power of feature set risibility at defiance, addressed him, which others had attempted in vain, for stifled laughter overcame articulation. "Well, Charles, my boy, are you in voice to-night?" "Voice, eh! Did you see my Tom Tug last night, ye thieves?—encored three times in the Jolly Young Waterman. None of your squalanties; downright English. You shall hear;"—singing 'Pretty Polly say, when I was away'—"hem, hem, hem—hoarse, sir, hoarse as a raven.—

Must take some physic in the morning." "Charles, my dear boy, I pity you, for I was in the same situation the other night, in Zanga; nay, I should never have got through the part had it not been for the Wellington lozenge." "Wellington lozenge! what's that, what's that? My dear Charles, where is it to be got?"—Many of those who witnessed this scene were obliged to make a speedy retreat, lest the tears caused by stifled laughter should expose the whole. "Why, my good friend, the Wellington lozenge is a medicine, invented by that gallant general, who was so hoarse that he could not give the word of command on the plains of Waterloo, and this medicine cured him." "Did it? by the holy pope, I'll have some. Where is it to be got?" "Mr. John Tomson's, No. 44, Bond-street."

Having obtained the necessary information, the next morning he called in Bond-street, and inquired for the Wellington lozenge. It was with difficulty the gentleman of the shop could contain himself,

when the application for the lozenge was made, more especially when he perceived the purchaser place it in his mouth, paying five shillings, and mumbling, as he left the shop "bloody nasty, my boy; but if it cured the first English general, it may cure the first English singer, and that will be serving the country."

In a few hours after this the melodist appeared at rehearsal, and as the joke would be nothing unless the whole of the company were apprised of it, the circle were prepared for a rich treat. Accordingly, in came the melodist, saliva appearing on each side of his mouth, which frequently occasioned the application of the handkerchief to preserve cleanliness.

CHAP. X.

As I observed before, no set of people enjoy a joke more than theatricals, because nothing is lost upon them, and any story that has the least claim to humour, is sure to meet with applause; so that the spirit of the narrator is not damped by freezing apathy, want of conception, or lack of encouragement. The effect of Incledon's entrance into the green-room, will therefore be easily conceived, and produced, as might be expected, a universal convulsion of smothered mirth; he was scarcely able to articulate, How do you do, from the space occupied in his mouth, and the overflow of saliva preventing articulation. Many quitted the room to indulge a laugh in the lobby; and it was difficult, even with handkerchiefs to every mouth, that any thing like seriousness could be pre-

served. At length Mr. John Kemble, whose regular grave habits, serious looks, and steady muscles, rendered him unsuspected of joining in the hoax, began the farce.

"It was with infinite pain, and considerable anxiety, my dear friend, Charles Incledon, I have heard of your hoarseness and difficulty of respiration; I labour under a similar complaint myself. The modulation of the voice, my dear Charles, is produced by the expansion or compression of a part of the throat called the larynx; the effects of which, to those who obtain their livelihood by the exercise of their lungs, is often dangerous. I am happy to hear that you have met with an efficacious remedy; and, if it be no secret, I should be glad to know the name of the medicine, and the name of the vendor." Incledon pleased, as he always was, to communicate good tidings to his friends, especially Mr. John Kemble, who had long laboured under an asthmatic complaint, instantly dislodged the Wellington

lozenge, and after wiping his mouth. "My dear John, d—m your opium, throw it to the dogs. Here's the thing to catch the 'conscience of the king;' ask the brave hero of Waterloo—hoarse as a hackney coachman, could'nt give the word of command; but this immortal lozenge, to be had of Mr. John Tomson, No. 44, Bond-street, price five shillings, did the business, shiver me."

The humour of this scene may be conceived, but not described; those who possessed muscles equal to the attack, plied him repeatedly with questions, for the mischievous purpose of removing the lozenge, which, when replaced, another made a fresh attack; at last he became enraged, and swore they meant to be the death of him. "'You take my life, ye thieves, if you do take the means whereby I do sustain my life.' What's all your English Operas without Charles Incledon, and what's Charles Incledon without his voice; 'a Handel without his Organ, a Newton without his Telescope.'"

Still no suspicion of deception was harboured in the unsuspecting mind of the melodist; nay, great relief and cleanness of voice, was supposed to be obtained by the use of the lozenge, which his quizzical friends encouraged, by observing, "it was evident by his singing." The eclaircissement, however, took place that evening; the sons and daughters of Melpomene were dressed for their respective parts, and all seated in the green-room, removed occasionally by the summons of the call-boy. The play was *Lionel* and *Clarissa*; the melodist of course personated the sentimental *Lionel;* and dressed in his sombre habiliments, paced the room, as usual, rolling about his darling lozenge, till the shrill pipe of the call-boy summoned him to the stage.

Mr. Quin, the editor of the Traveller paper, whose custom it was to lounge away an hour frequently during the evening, in the green-room of Drury-lane Theatre; a privilege allowed on account of his literary talent, as well as his former

occupation, having passed a short part of his life on the stage, came in now for his share of the lozenge hoax. Having seated himself amongst the group, he carelessly, as it should seem, drew from his pocket the Traveller paper, and after a short inspection, began to read aloud the following letter; printed, as it afterwards turned out, in that single paper only, in aid of the hoax :—

To the Editor of the Traveller.

SIR,

As I am well aware it will afford you gratification, to expose the evil designs of the wicked, and to frustrate the attempts of the fraudulent practitioner; who, under the cover of letters-patent, picks the pockets, and ruins the constitutions of the ignorant and unsuspecting; I am led to hope you will publish this serious warning to the public. A man, who pretends to have been at the battle of Waterloo, and has made a discovery of a certain remedy for hoarseness and complaints of the chest, vends a most subtle poison, many having felt its baneful effects; and I can produce evidence at any moment, that various persons, who have been weak and credulous enough to use it, have in consequence brought on diseases in the throat,

total loss of voice, with many other disorders of the mouth and larynx. After this caution, given from personal experience, the public, it is hoped, will be led to guard against the imposition. This medicine has been rendered popular by the title of the *Wellington Lozenge*.

Sir, yours,

JOHN HAMSON.

To have beheld the change of feature in the face of Lionel's representative, as the reader proceeded, would have moved a stoic; but when the title of the medicine was given, he jumped up, discharged the contents of his mouth into the fire, stamping his foot upon the unfortunate lozenge, and taking up a glass of water, exclaimed, with great energy, "Bl—t all lozenges, and quack doctors, and Mr. John Tomson, No. 44, Bond-street, and Mr. Tragedy Young, and all humbugs, cut-me-down thieves, common *swindlers*.—I'm had, I see, by your mugs; but I'll be up to your rigs, my masters—and that old tragedy-cull, *King Solomon*,

in wax-work; *Black Jack*, Mr. John Kiss-my-a— Kemble; Signior Catafelto, and his black cats, that old steady-muscle, to join against me,—*humbugs* altogether." He was proceeding, when the call-boy gave the wonted summons, "Mr. Incledon, the stage waits." In a moment he was at his post; but during his song, the hoax being still uppermost in his mind, he was heard to exclaim during the symphonys, thus: Song.—" 'You ask me in vain of what ills I complain.'—Bloody thieves! 'In my head, in my heart, it invades every part.'—Bl—sted humbugs," &c. &c.

The morning sun, however, did not rise upon his wrath, and his wonted good-natured countenance resumed its happy, pleasing form, for to forgive as he hoped to be forgiven, was the motto of this worthy good-tempered being. This is the story of the Wellington lozenge; whether my memory has enabled me to relate it with accuracy, I will not pretend to say; but the fact he has frequently

acknowledged to me with a smile, observing.

"I was fairly had, my dear boy; the humbugs were down upon me."

The evening passed, as it always does amongst theatricals, in a pleasant and convivial manner; our little hospitable host from Birmingham had provided every thing with his usual liberality; the wine, the song, the joke, the story, went cheerfully round; and at ten o'clock we separated.

As I had not seen nor heard from Mrs. M'Kinley since the night I met with my little friend in the street, contending with the hackney coachman, I requested the maid-servant to inquire whether Mrs. M'Kinley was at leisure. In a few minutes, a gentle rap at the door announced honest Murtoch, who came with his lady's respects to request my immediate attendance. "And be de powers," added he, "she will be mighty glad to see you, Mr. Romney, for she has been firing her great guns in continual warfare for these three

hours; the battle of Vinegar-hill was nothing to it, a she-devil, and two law devils; and den to be sure, as if there were not infernals enough to plague an old lady, in comes a tunder-an-ounds Calmuc Tartar, wid bare knees, brogues, banack cap, broad sword, mustachios, and mischief. Oh! what a mighty bang he boddered the street-door wid; it might have been the Lord Mayor of Dublin coming from a turtle stuffing; and to be sure when I opened the door, dere was as genteel a company wid him, as ever was seen at Ormand Quay; and what is it you want here? said I, after I had shown in the queer looking foreign gentleman, and dey said dey came after de highland chief; so, said I, mistaking the word, your honour, be after dispersing, you spalpeens, der's no highland teef in this house, de teeves are all at the door, which I bolted, for they roared and shouted as if they had not an hour to live. Well, your honour, this terrible-looking old warrior, as stiff as de Connaught cat dat was killed

in de cupboard, is called Alexander M'Kinley Calaghaduggan, from the Isle of Sky, and he has walked on his ten toes all the way to London, in a *smack;* now how long a walk dat is I'm not high-learned enough to tell your honour; but if dey'd said he came in a *crack* I should have known he came in a *jiffey*, and that's no time at all. Well, your honour, I'll not detain you wid a rigmyroll, but dis Mister Calaghaduggan came in de very nick, for all the law devils were barking at de poor old lady like dogs at a bone, to get at de marvadies, and she had no one to take her part, for Murtoch was listening at de door, the duty of a good and faithful servant, or, by de powers, I'd have soon swept the room wid a Donny brook besom; but, however, in the midst of the battle in walks Calaghaduggan, as stiff as a fugleman, den came the hullabolue. The old lady wanted to faint, but I ran in, and said, be aisy, my lady, don't be after fainting at this time; there's no cagion whilst Murtoch's wid you; you saved his life, my lady, and by de powers

it's at your service any time, so snatching up a bit of a fire-poker dat lay on de fender I placed a Donnybrook guard before her, and Calaghaduggan drew out his great big broad sword. Come on, my jewel's, said I, Murtoch's the man for you any how. "Stop, stop, Murtoch." said my lady, "it's my brodder." Your brodder, my lady; ah, heaven bless de relationship, said I, and I put the poker to its dirty doings under de grate.

"Ah, Mr. Romney, but if you had seen the Scotch lawyers sneaking and skulking away when de heard it was her brodder. In the time you could have counted a tirteen der was'nt the smallest account of them; by St. Peter, dey slip'd away like rabbits into their holes, when a gun's fired off. And Miss Corkscrew, dat I call de crooked lady, Mrs. M'Kinley's niece, holding up her head like a drinking hen, walked about like an enraged turkey-cock, took up her cover-slut, called a shawl, and followed dem as quick as petticoats would permit. And in two minutes de old lady,

Calaghaduggan, and Murtoch Delany were left conquerors of de field. So as dey were brodder and sister, your honour, and I a poor sarvant, I thought it my duty to lave de room, but I was stopped by Mr. Calaghaduggan, who, putting up his broad sword, and throwing aside his fighting face, held out his hand. "Honest man," said he, that was true enough, your honour, for I never stole any thing in my born days but a pair of breeches of my fader's dat were grown mighty small for him. "You are an honour to your country, and to human nature," said he, "and whilst I have power to prevent it you shall never want a friend." So I left the room, having obtained what many of my countrymen stand mightily in need of."

From this I found a new character had come forward in the old lady's circle, and I felt much curiosity to behold so singular a being.

Accordingly, Murtoch introduced me, with the address of a hay-maker, and the heart of a prince.

"Yer right welcome, Master Romney," said the old lady, "ye gard me feel muckle for yer safety, when ye gang'd awa' with the wee warrior on the hackney coach; but sen yer weel in health, I trust ye'll obtain mare grace i' future, and let the Philistines fight their ane battles without yer interference.

"Mr. Romney, this is my only brother, Alexander M'Kinley Calaghaduggan, fra the Isle of Sky, and the best friend that Providence has been pleased to leave for the comfort and protection of Edith M'Kinley Calaghaduggan." I made my best bow, but the sturdy Highlander favoured me only by an assenting nod.—Booing, for which his countrymen have the character of being such adepts, was not among the number of his singular habits. Indeed, he appeared to be in the opposite extreme, for though there was a bewitching kindness in the tone of his voice, and the lineaments of his countenance, whenever he gave utterance to his sentiments, yet when tacit, his appearance, gait, and ad-

dress, left an impression that I soon found was foreign to his feelings.

"Sir," said he, rising stately from his chair, and presenting his hand, "from the high opinion my worthy sister entertains for your talent and integrity, during the short time she has been favoured wth your acquaintance, I feel myself indebted to her for the present introduction." He then seated himself, and after taking a cup of coffee, Murtoch announced his carriage at the door, and with stiff, though not unpleasing, address, he bade us good morning.

CHAP. XI.

As he left the room his Highland costume and majestic stride brought to my imagination a William Wallace, or a Robert Bruce. The richness of his plaid dress, the shining silver of his broad sword, the feather in his cap, which, added to his gigantic form, the determined preference given to his country's costume, in spite of the singularity of the thing, impressed me with an idea, that this must be a most extraordinary character; then instead of the broad Scotch dialect, that one would naturally expect from a Highlander, of such an appearance, to hear the English language in its purity, and expressed in most excellent phraseology, excited my curiosity, and fed my mind with a hope that some explanation might transpire from the worthy Mrs. M'Kinley, nor was I disap-

pointed. Her brother had no sooner left the room, than after a huge pinch of snuff, crammed energetically with her right thumb up the right nostril of her little cock-up nose, and the usual three slow applications of the pocket-handkerchief by way of polish, "Mr. Romney," said she, "I doubt ye'll be unca fashed to ken why I ca' mysel M'Kinley, whilst my ane brother's name is Calaghaduggan. But, Sir, ye mun ken this is a matter o' convenience, ane doesna like to gi' folk unnecessary trouble, and Calaghaduggan is fashous for the tongue o' pronunciation, and therefore I take the name M'Kinley i' preference. Now, Mr. Romney, I dunna wish to fash ye wi' a lang account o' my family concerns, but I hold it a duty to ane of the best and noblest of human creatures to say a few words tul ye aboot my brother that has just gang'd doon the stairs, lest appearances should prejudice yer mind against a fellow-creature, whom, if ye kend as well as I do, ye'd love and revere; ane that might have been made before the fall, for he

hath no guile, and the dee'l hath nothing in him.

"Ye'll ken, my brother Sandy M'Kinley Calaghaduggan, and Edith M'Kinley Calaghaduggan, who now clatters tul ye, were wee wanes together, both born in ane hoose, foregathered fra ane mother, and brought forth intul this wicked world at ane time. So ye may think, Sir, fra a' these awfu circumstances na' sma' attachment grew up wi' us, and continues still wi' increasing strength, and never will cease but wi' existence.

"Weel, Sir, I need na tell ye our ancestry, were o' the first and most ancient families i' the Isle of Sky; nay, we are descended in a straight line fra mighty chieftains and even kings o' Scotland. At an early period we were school'd together in virtuous paths and gospel principles, and my brother Sandy soon rose to high eminence in classical scholarship, so that our parents will'd him for the sanctified and holy office o' the ministry. But when he found that the price he must pay for a

pulpit, would be na less than a breach of the truth; and a falsehood had never fallen from his lips, he declined it; for ye ken, every candidate for the ministry, must confess publicly that he has had a spiritual caw to preach the gospel; otherwise he canna be admitted into holy orders. Now there are, I must confess, i' our kirk, and i' aw kirks, awfu as it is to think upon, Mr. Romney, many that would swallow the pill of falsehood, if it were but well gilded; but Sandy was na ane of those: so he told the elders plainly he had received no caw, nor would he prostitute his conscience for filthy lucre; being above the necessity of the thing, fra the paternal estate becoming his property at ane and twenty. So Sandy having no caw fra the ministry, went on improving himsel i' various pursuits o' science, till ane unlucky day, and wo to me that tells it; as he was sauntring wi' his sketch-book, by the side of a steep brey, and had seated himself on a rock that commands a view of a beautiful val-

ley below, he kenned at a distance a lassie foregathering her father's fleecy flocks; now the shepherd's dog was well known to Sandy, tho' till then he never kenn'd his mistress, having often met him in his walks; so Sir, the poor wee beasty came fondling to my brother, and the lassie caw'd i' vain, for though Keeper would return towards his mistress, he soon came back to Sandy. Ah, fatal fondness! the dog's disobedience brought the lassie near, and in the ac of tying her handkerchief round the neck of the beasty to force him awa; my brother inquired her residence, and with a winning simplicity, for she was a beautiful lassie, she replied, 'I live, Sir, in the valley below.'

"Then leaving him, with a fascinating look, and respectful curtsy, tripped along the path that winds down the valley; and in a short time, too short for the enthusiastic feelings of poor Sandy, became lost to the sight, within the rustic walls of her father's cleanly cottage.

"Only think, Mr. Romney, a chield of

only seventeen years of age, wi' muckle expectations fra' his father's connexions, and a gude fortune, when at a proper age to enjoy it; only take this intul the prudence o' yer serious thinking, and ye'll say wi' me, it were a thousand pities, that sic a bonny lad, wi' sic talents, and muckle prospects before him, should be instantly shot as it were wi' bullet fra a gun, by a pair o' blue eyes, and riveted, as ane may say, to the rock on which he sat.

"Never were sic ravages made in a human heart, fra the impulse of the moment, for Sandy was an enthusiast in every thing he set his mind on. Ah, I mourn the fatal day; but it was to be so, Measter Romney, and what is pre-ordained, poor mortals canna prevent.

"So, Sir, as I was saying, there sat Sandy, for at least half-an-hour, looking wistfully down the valley, as though he'd devour the path; while the lively lassie tripped along, instead of finishing his drawing, the sketch-book was aw scratched o'er wi' rhymes; ye shall ken ane." She

then took from her pocket-book a short poem, which ran as follows;

" To sketch nature's beauties I came, it is trne,
But nature's best beauty's now lost to my view;
All the blossoms that bloom and perfume as they grow,
Are now hid from my sight in the valley below.

" Transfix'd to this rock by a magical spell,
From two witching eyes that no man could repel;
On the views of high mountains ideas may flow,
But my vision's now fix'd on the valley below."

" Weel, Sir, ye may rest assured my enthusiastic brother didna let the grass grow under his feet, in pursuit of the idol of his heart;—the fatal rock, and the burn side that meandered through the valley were visited daily, and even the white cottage approached with that reverence and timidity, that a virtuous affection for an amiable object, as yet unacquainted with his passion, was sure to inspire.

" On Sandy's approach, the poor beasty, Keeper, the shepherd's dog, oft came out of the cottage, and seemed, by fondling and wistful looks, to encourage his nearer

approach. But Sandy was as modest as he was sincere, and though the wee mansion contained the sum of a' his earthly wishes, he wouldna cause a blush intul the damask cheek of the lassie, by an abrupt approach, for a' the wealth of Sky and Mull foregathered.

" Mr. Romney, ye say yersel, i' the former part o' the Itinerant, that ye possess a warm and susceptible mind towards our sex, and yer ganging awa' to Gretna-green wi' yer wee good woman, i' sik a precipitate manner, proves that the effervescence of yer heart, gard ye to outstep the prudence of yer head.

" Sik a like feeling, circulated wi the blood of Sandy M'Kinley Callaghaduggan, not to be stopped, or locked, or damn'd, or turned, untul a mare prudent channel, by ministerial, pious labours, or parental stern commands.

" But to return to my brother Sandy, the cottage, the lassie, and the dog.

" The poor beasty, ye ken, had, for mare than a year prowled about the resi-

dence of my family two or three times a week, to pick up ane thing or another that might be thrown out, and if na good forraging, ye ken, Sandy was sûre to make up the deficiency, with his ane hand, and the crater hadna forgotten it, so there was na getting rid of him, for as Sandy kept pacing by the burn side, Keeper was sure to be close at his heels, nor could he gar the beasty gang his gait, for a' he could do.

"Now, Sir, ye ken weel that both in England and Scotland there are a set of barbarians, ca'd sportsmen, who pass through life wi' increased pleasure, according to the degree of pain they can inflict upon the brute creation. Sik a banditti o' Bedlamites had been for twa hours on the opposite brey, i' pursuit of a poor wee harmless hare, and as Sandy ganged by the burn side he ken'd the poor beasty, almost worn out, tripping slowly to the water's edge, but on seeing my brother and the dog, Keeper, on the opposite side o' th' burn, she stood to reflec; but the cry of the hounds

coming down the brey, gard her to plunge in, and rather trust to ane enemy than fifty.

"Wi' much exertion the poor weak crater reached the bank on which my brother stood; but no sooner had she landed, breathless and broken-hearted, than her strength totally failed, and she lay an easy victim to the Fleshers that followed, hooting and owling like so many hullots. Now the dog, Keeper, had ken'd a' this wi' a longing eye, natural tul his calling, and would have seized the almost dying crater, but shepherd's dogs, ye ken, are under muckle control, and a word fra' Sandy staid him. Then gently approaching he found the poor animal incapable of further resistance; and with that heavenly feeling, that denotes a soul of more than common magnitude, he spread abroad his handkerchief, and in its folds gently raised the harmless, helpless, tortured beasty tul his bosom, where the rapid panting of its breaking-heart bore testimony of the glorious triumph of the approaching Fleshers. (Butchers.)

"Ah, Sir," continued the old lady, wiping a falling tear, "we have it not i' holy writ, 'tis true, but surely cruelty is a crime the Lord will punish.

"I fear, Sir, I am fashing ye wi' family affairs and family failings, but I shall soon come tul a conclusion." I assured her, as was really the case, that my mind was deeply interested, and requested she would proceed.

"Weel, Sir, Sandy had given sanctuary to the poor beasty, in his bosom, and it nestled with confidence, revived by rest and warmth. But wha or what is safe fra the hellish brutality of fallen and unregenerate man. The Fleshers and their Flunkeys, led by their hounds, dashed intul the stream, straining every nerve with hoots and hollowing, and full expectation of the speedy destruction of their harmless foe. But sare was their disappointment, when na trace could be carried further than the bank, fra which Sandy had just retreated. Ane looked at another, and the general conclusion was, that the animal

had been stolen, for they were certain fra long experience i' cruelty, that she could na run further than that spot.

"At length, they ken'd, at a distance, my brother, slowly pacing along the burn side, faithful Keeper at his heels, and conjectured immediately, that this man and his dog must have robbed them of their prey.

"Swift as the clattering hoofs could touch the turf, each horseman spurred away; and soon surrounded Sandy and his charge, which he had frequently placed on the ground in hopes renewed strength might enable it to regain its liberty, but the poor wee thing lay still, and could na fend for itsel, so Sandy resolved to take it hame till food, warmth, and rest should ance more enable it to take the field; but, alas! it was useless, for the horsemen surrounded him, and though a little staggered at the respectability of his costume, and his princely mien, which I am sure you will acknowledge, staid them awhile, and they doubted that sic a respectable-looking person could

he a stealer of game. However, the dogs soon settled the case, for having the scent of the poor ill destined animal fra under Sandy's plaid, they one and aw set up a cry, and it was wi' difficulty he could protect himsel by the assistance of a stout stick, from being worried; Keeper was busy in defence of his friend, and being larger than the other dogs, as they ap-approached Sandy shook them about like rats, till one of the barbarous on horseback, made a blow at him with the but-end of his whip, and laid him apparently lifeless on the ground. My brother, ye ken what he now is, Mr. Romney; and, ye may guess what he was then, the Island never produced his fellow, no man, no twa men were equal to him, i' strength, dexterity, and courage; his noble heart beat wi' indignation when he beheld the faithful beasty, Keeper, who had faught nobly by his side, struck dead by the Flesher, and setting aside aw consequences, with one blow of his cudgel he broght to the ground his brutal

adversary, and in the effort the poor wee beasty dropped from under his plaid, and in a moment was torn to pieces by his brother brutes, the hounds. Exasperated by the fate of the poor hare, and the dog, Keeper, Sandy feared nothing, and a general attack ensued; for the Fleshers finding they were right i' their conjectures about the hare, came on wi' great phrenzy; but Sandy, throwing off his plaid, now stood before them, terrible i' stature, and firm i' position; some were appalled, retreated, those who had the temerity to advance soon measured their length on the turf; all but ane had dismounted, and finding they had no chance wi' the butt-end of their whips, against my brother, though single wi' his cudgel, encouraged the ane on horseback, who rode furiously at him, but was staid by a most tremendous blow from the hand o' a stranger i' the horse's face, which deprived him of an eye, and i' great agony the crater galloped away wi' his rider over the brey, no ane ever heard whither.

"When Sandy had turned to see fra' whence this mighty stroke had come, he beheld an athletic shepherd standing by his side, brandishing an enormous pole; and at the same time whispered in his lug, 'stick tul em, Sir, here's mare of us coming, I'll dee by side ye,' and in an instant twa more bra' lads, wi' each a club, came up, and stood by Sandy, ready for the attack; but these bragsters had met wi' sic a dose that sickened their stomachs, for any more physic; they had completed their cruelty i' the destruction of the poor hare, and Sandy had given them reason to remember it.

"Troth, Mester Romney, my heart beat wi' gladness when I heard the account, for though I am na well-wisher to the evil spirit that creates personal contention, yet i' the heavenly cause o' humanity, ane's gard to look upon Sandy at this time, as a heavenly being contending wi' human brutes."

In the midst of this to me most interest-

ing narrative the door abruptly flew open, and Murtoch entered, with a replenish of coals for the fire. When the old lady perceived him, it is impossible to express any thing like the fury of her countenance, or the astonishment of the poor Irishman, at this unexpected reception. For having worked up her feelings at the above description, to be interrupted in the pith and marrow, by this uncalled-for visit, was more than the real goodness of her disposition could bear with, christian-like patience.

She said nothing, but her countenance spoke volumes of discontent, and the rapid application of the snuff-box, like lightning, bore threatening testimony to a thundering peal; and as Murtoch thoughtlessly passed by her chair towards the fire, she set her foot against the coal-box, and, with an astonishing effort, sent Murtoch, coal-box, and its contents, into the ash-hole.

Never was man more painfully situated than I conceived myself, at this moment. The scene was laughable beyond descrip-

tion; no power of feature could withstand it. Yet to venture even a smile, when the good old lady was filled with indignation, would have been an unpardonable insult.

There lay Murtoch, scratching his rump, whilst his mistress most whimsically thus addressed him:

"Thou plague of Egypt! thou imp of the muckle horn'd dee'l, come fra thine infernal master, to tempt and gar me sin. The patience of Job woudna have held out had he been plagued with thee; David was punished for presumption, in numbering the people; and thou, thou plague, shall be punished for thy presumption, in daring to fash me wi' thy broad sinfa countenance.

"Do ye ken now, if ever thou gars me again, to throw off the milk of humility, and swallow the poison of passion, by coming ben without ca'ing for, that instant I will turn thee out again intul the wide world, from whence thou came, to herd wi' wicked sinners like thysel.

"Surely thou art an infernal spirit, sent

to bring back my mind untul its unregenerate state, purged and scoured, as it has been, by the wholesome physic o' the kirk, fra an early period. A sinfa and unpardonable weakness has gard me to take a viper intul the bosom o' my family, a scarlet whore o' Babylon, forgetting that holy hatred instilled intul my mind, by early education, against a' religions but my ane.', Then stopping to take breath, and becoming a little cooler, "It gars me sare sorry, Mr. Romney, to say sic bitter words tull this poor daff crater, Lord pardon me, what can I do wi' him. If I turn him awa, where's he to gang tull? Dear, dear, I canna command my temper, ye ken, Mr. Romney. Dunna think worse of me, Sir; I have said too much, but I'll make the crater amends."

The last sentence was scarcely audible, tears choaked her utterance; for this really good creature, well aware that irritability of temper was her great fault, which, by prayer and practice, she had laboured to overcome, felt so much hurt at this burst

of iniquity, as she styled it, that instead of the interruption proving prejudicial to the Irishman's interest, it turned out the best thing that could have happened; for as a river's tide sometimes overflows its banks and inundates the meadows around, yet, when it recedes, leaves a redoubled spring of verdure behind, so when the overflowing of the old lady's irritability having broken the banks of prudence, it returned again within their bounds, the pulse of penitence and sorrow, for wounding the feelings of a poor, honest, dependent fellow-creature, beat so quick, and caused such a spring of kind and repentant vegetation, that the extreme became absolutely ludicrous.

Murtoch had resumed an erect posture, and "stood in amazement lost," looking attentively at the scattered coals on the carpet—his mistress—and me; and when she had ended her soliloquy in tears, the poor fellow conceiving he had, unknowingly, committed some heinous offence, exclaimed, "Is it Murtoch, my

lady, that caused your affliction. Oh! be kind now, and command him to do something to plase you."

It is impossible to describe the effect of this artless, though feeling appeal, to the old lady's already wounded feelings, a glistening tear stood in her eye, and gently stole down her cheek; and casting a feeling look at Murtoch, she exclaimed, with a sigh, "Puir body!" "Sure enough, my lady, you have said the thing itself; Murtoch's poor enough, but a mighty large potato-bed would not tempt him, poor as he is, to do your ladyship an injury. Must I pick up the scattered coals, my lady?" "Do what ye ken best, Murtoch; here's half-a-croon for ye; take it, but dunna gar me again to commit sae muckle sin, and I'll prove your friend." "Devil a better, my lady. Ah now, if it had not been for your ladyship, instead of stepping nate and aisy over a mighty fine carpet, as at the present moment, I had been dancing upon nothing at all; yes, your honour, they would have hanged poor Murtoch. I'll tell your honour

all about it." "Hoot awa," replied Mrs. M'Kinley, nodding significantly, and pointing towards the door.

"I'll do that same thing immadiately, my lady; a nod is as good as a wink.—Ye need not fear Murtoch, he'll tell the truth any how, and the devil fly away with every bit of blarney that's about him."

CHAP. XI.

Murtoch having left the room, the old lady, after wiping her eyes, and, as usual, bestowing three smoothers on the nasal organ, resumed her story.—

"Ye now ken, Mr. Romney, what a wicked sinner ye have before ye; grace may abound, but my fashous irritability is sic a besetting sin that naught but a miracle can ever conquer it.

"But to return to my story: Though there were none killed in this fight wi' the sporting barbarians, there was ane sarely wounded, and his companions were like to put him upon his horse wi' muckle care, and carried him awa' intul his ane country.

"Now, Sir, I ken ye'll be langing to speer wha this stoot laddie should be, that took so kind a part wi' my bro' Alexander

M'Kinley Calaghaduggan, and ye'll na be far wide if ye'll guess him to be na less than a chield of six feet high, the brother of the bonny lassie that dwelt i' the canny Cot, frae which the dog, Keeper, came out to fondle wi' my brother, and stood na mare than a stane's throw frae the field o' battle. Sandy, ye ken, had received a slight wound i' the scuffle, just over the right e'e, and the blood flowed freely, but he heeded not; however, the young shepherd had muckle feeling, and intreated Sandy to come intul the house to have the blood stanched, and Sandy, well kenning wha was within, felt nae wee inclination to accep the invitation. Weel, Sir, ye may think there was nae twa words tul that bargain; and wi' his handkerchief tul his forehead he followed the laddie towards the shepherd's dwelling; they had no sooner got But, than Sandy objected tul ganging farther intul the hoose, lest the blood that continued to flow might spoil the floor and furniture. Aw the gude people of the hoose, most of whom had

witnessed the contest, came round Sandy wi' a' kinds o' assiduities, and warm intreaties for him to gang Ben, but when Sandy ken'd the bonny lassie wi' her canny blue een, floating in the fluid of feeling, approach him, and wi' anxious intreaty sweetly, though faintly, articulate, "Do, Sir, come Ben, our best room has but sma' comfort for the like o' you, but such as it is, do honour us by accepting it." Then perceiving the blood on his face, she clasped her hands, and eagerly exclaimed, "Ah, I fear, Sir, you are awfully wounded." He found his feelings too great for expression, and remained fixed and immoveable.—I am informed frae what I have read, Mr. Romney, that when the pulsation of the heart is quickened, the blood mends its pace; now, Sir, the sight of the bonny lassie, ye ken, had this effec, and Sandy's heart throbbed so fast that the blood spun out of the wound in his face like a wee fountain, and the puir lassie dropped senseless on the floor at the sight 'ont, whilst Sandy, forgetting himsel, took her up, and

placed her on a chair, while the blood frae his wound fell on her face, and it was an awfu sight to ken twa sic canny countenances so disfigured.

The shepherd (her father, his name was Nesbit,) and he sprang fra a respectable family; but having taken part wi' Charley, like many others of that day, they were brought to their bannack and milk, not but they were weel enough to do, for Wully Nesbit occupied mony a score of acres upon the brays of Skye, and had sheep and crummies plenty; but ye ken it was na wi' him as it used to be, and on this accoont you'll think the lassie wasna fit for Sandy to fix his mind upon, but so it were ordained; he loo'd her so weel that when he lifted the lassie frae the ground, for she was a dainty creature, not aw the bleeding o' his wound would have kept him fra preeing her moo, but Sandy wasna a froward chiel, and loo'd too well to tak sic a liberty.

"Now when the lassie came to hersel she was begrutten, and Sandy held her

bonny face within his bosom, whilst the ald wife, her mother, stanched the blood wi' a napkin frae his face, and the lassie, recovering, retired to change her claes, aw besmeared wi' my brother's blood; a tight bandage, however, soon stopped it, and he yielded to their intreaties, and ganged Ben, where he found the lassie snod and canty. If, when first he ken'd her, the impression was so deep, what must it be now, frae this singular and unexpected introduction? Ah, sir, this second blow decided Sandy's fate, and joined twa hearts so close together, that death could only part them, and brought mare skaith and misery upon baith, than it is in my power to describe. To make short, before he left the shepherd's cot, they plighted mutual vows, which were never broken. Indeed, Mr. Romney, you'd not have blamed my brother had ye ken'd her, she was so unca bonny, sic a heavenly mind, and kind cuitled ways wi' her, that she gained the loo of a' the country.

"The de'il, Mr. Romney, never sent a

wind but he sailed wi' it, not, ye ken, that I say my brother's attachment had any evil in it, but the consequences that followed were of the de'ils ane hatching. Ye may think, Sir, a lassie so highly favoured by Providence in baith body and mind, although in a subordinate capacity, wouldna be lang overlooked by the lairds and bangsters of the island, for good or bad purpose I'll na venture to say, but many a sharp e'e was upon her; and she filled the kirk mare than the minister. But Sandy, I am sorry to say, was na kirk ganger, having lang given up the holy creed of pious Calvin, or he would have ken'd her lang before, followed as she was, like the queen bee, by a swarm of admirers.

"For a lang time no ane ken'd the least glimmering of this attachment, not even our father, for mother we had none. I mysel was the only person trusted with the secret. Yes, Mr. Romney, Sandy and I came intul the world together, and our minds have been as closely connected as our bodies were before we entered intul it.

I believe there is not a secret i' his noble breast that I am not acquainted with. Oh, Sir, his heart is a heavenly edifice, built on the foundation of virtue, in which vice has hitherto had nae house-room.

"Ye recollec, Sir, that ane of the sporting Fleshers, as I ca' them, was ill hurt i' the skirmish wi' my broo Sandy; it were wi' muckle difficulty his comrades supported him on his horse tul his ane country. Now, Sir, this happened to be a laird of extensive domains; and his dignity was mare hurt at the disgrace than his body at the danger, and as soon as he recovered he foregathered his kinsfolk, to advise how he should have his revenge; but as the distance was near twenty miles nae ane could say what he should do, as he ken'd not who it was that they had been contending wi'. It so happened, this laird had a wee gift of piping, and it was agreed, that M'Donald, for that was his name, should put on kelts, bonnet, and plaid, and, as a blind piper, gang intul that country, whereaboots the affray

took place. Now Sandy's attachment to Nelly, as you may think, became stronger wi' intimacy, and at the end of three months, wi' a woeful visage, he came to me for coonsel. 'Sister,' said he, 'what shall I do? Nelly Nesbit must be mine, or your brother will be for ever miserable.' So I advised him to take no rash step, to consider that though the lassie was a bonny bairn, and loo'd him unca weel, yet his fortune and family——. 'Hoot awa, sister,' said he, and rose from his chair, 'her family is gude, and I, with my father's leave, shall have enough for both.' Aye, there ye have said it, wi' our father's leave, but do ye ken how that is to be obtained? Wha would be the instrument of intelligence to communicate tul him, that the only son and heir of Alexander M'Kinley Calaghaduggan, of Hetherbell Haw, i' the Isle o' Skye, was on the point of marrying the daughter of poor Wully Nesbit, the mountain shepherd. 'Sister,' replied Sandy, pacing the room wi' hasty strides and muckle independence,

which is a' weel enough, 'ye ken, Mr. Romney, when a body grips the siller: 'Sister,' said he, my affections are fixed, and no power on earth can move them; and surely our father will not sacrifice his son's happiness through pride or avarice; shall I break the matter to him, and boldly solicit his consent?" "I'd advise ye first, Sandy, to carry awa a' sic things as chairs, stools, candlesticks, poker, tangs, and shool, and a' sic warlike instruments. If ye dunna, I would na answer for yer life; for I weel kenned, Mr. Romney, the consequence of sic an interview. Sandy was open, honest, and sincere; but, like his father, hasty; and though I say it, Sir, our parent was gude intentioned, but built muckle upon high blood and ancestry, and looked upon himsel as the first Laird i' the Isle o' Skye: ye may think, when ye foregather a' these things wi' a hasty and passionate disposition, what sort o' reception Sandy would have met wi'. So I promised to go through the painful task mysel, although it was an awfa undertaking, but I depended upon

my sex, and the loo he had for me, to protec me fra personal injury; for there was na coming near him when he was in ane of his unca fashious humours.

"Weel, Sir, time passed on, and Sandy under the pretext of sketching oot the beauties of nature, visited the shepherd's cot daily.

"Ane evening, at gloaming, as Sandy was seated Ben i' the shepherd's cot wi' his lassie, the distant sound of a piper in the glen, tuning a favourite Pibroch o' Prince Charley, drew out the shepherd, his wife, sons, and daughters, to listen, for they were strong Charley folks, but Sandy had mare charms for Nelly, and she did na gang. In a wee bit the Piper, led by a bairn, approached the shepherd's cot, and, as is the custom, bannock and milk were offered him; soon after this he struck up a bonny reel, and lads and lassies began to lilt aboot, and Sandy and Nelly, although they were Ben could plainly ken their marlocks, for the door was half open. Now at the close of the reel, the piper lifted up the black rib-

bon bound o'er his een, unobserved by them, that were But who were too busy wi' reeling and romping to ken any thing else. Sandy, however, kenned this and began to suspec that the blind man could see, and a thought rose in his mind, that the piper must be an impostor. Whether this minstrel ken'd Sandy eeing him, I canna say, but howe'er he dunna pull up the bandage a second time, for baith Sandy and Nelly kept a sharp ee upon the piper, who in twa minutes began to pack up his whistles, and seemed in a mighty pucker to be ganging; but just as he was setting oot, the auld shepherd came doon fra the mountains, and Keeper, the poor beastie that was sare wounded by Sandy's side, following him. It is a most astonishing thing, Mr. Romney, that these brute craters, though they have nae soul nor reason, yet have some unco faus faculties i' finding folk oot who have done them a kindness, or an injury; for as soon as Keeper came to the door wi' his master, he made a grip at the piper's heel, wha taking off his bandage, run awa

wi' as muckle speed as if the de'il had been after him; but the bairn that led this bully bangster remained, and the poor chield took on a siking, sobbing, and greeting, but the gude folk i' the shepherd's cot took the crater Ben, encouraging him wi' sweeties, which soon gard him to clack and a gawf, and he gave my brother a full account of a' he kenned aboot the piper.

"I suppose, Sir, fra the first ye guest wha this piper was, na less a body than Laird M'Donnal i' disguise come to speer aboot wha was the man that gave him sic a rough reception at the burn side. He had left his flunkey and horses at a farm hoose, aboot three miles ayant the cot, and fra this place he brought the bairn. Now Sandy kenned a' aboot this, but kept it tull himsel. The shepherd, his auld wife, and bairns, were a' beflustered to think what this meant; ane said the piper was a pithones; nay, replied another, it wonna awsome enough, it must be a warlock, and the auld wife confirmed the last opinion; for, said she, when the beastie

made a grip at him, I kenned it were a warlock; and now I recollec, our brownie was sarely fashed last night, a' the milking utensils were rattling aboot till morning; I foregathered something would happen, for ours is a friendly brownie, and a'way gives us warning if aught's to happen.

"I see, Mr. Romney, a smile on your countenance at what you may think the ignorance and superstition of these Islanders. A brownie they conceive to be a supernatural being, a spirit that haunts out-housing attached to farms; they are said to be very useful to the family, particularly to servants, if they are well-treated; for whom, whilst they take their sleep, they are wont to do many pieces of drudgery.

"There was a brownie at Hetherbell Haw for many a lang year, so attached to our family, that the crummies were a' brought down fra the braes, and the milking cans placed ready every morning when the servants rose.

"I am only repeating, Sir, what I have

been told, but I winna vooch for the truth o' it. The ways of Providence are not a'way open to mortal ken, and what may be hid fra the ee o' scepticism, may be kenned by the true believer. Weel, Sir, I shall gang on wi' my story, though I fear ye are tired." Having assured her to the contrary, she proceeded:

"The gude family were ignorant of the deception, for the bairn that led the supposed blind piper made the communication to Sandy only, who being convinced in his mind that this was some spy upon his actions, determined to find him out; therefore, without saying by yer leave, or wi' yer leave, he rose from the side of Nelly, and made the best of his way after him. Now this piping Laird had muckle valour in his heels, but wee in his heart; and, forgetting the bite of Keeper, got the start of Sandy at least a quarter of a mile, and kept it till he reached the farm hoose, where his flunkey and horses were waiting; but, perceiving he was sharply followed, and guessing by whom, he called for his

horses and his clayis; but as he conceived to change his apparel would be impracticable, before his pursuer came up, he made the best of his way intul the hoose, and ran up and down, But and Ben, distracted wi' fear, having suffered sic heavy blows fra Sandy's hand before, the effecs of which he was scarcely yet recovered fra. Closely he examined every room, but na hiding place could be found, and hearing somebody open the hoose door, which he had purposely closed after him, finding there was no alternative, he made a precipitate retreat up the lum, and brought clouds of soot and dust down into the room wi' his clambering, for there is na dirty hole a coward winna creep into. He was right in his conjecture. Sandy had kenned him enter the hoose, and perceiving, by his precipitate retreat, that concealment was his objec, mended his pace to the utmost of his power, and having entered the hoose, inquired in vain for the piper. 'They kenned nought aboot him;' and they told true, for the family were i' the oot-hoosing

when he entered, but there was na occasion for lang seeching, the dirt upon the floor and i' the grate led them to look upward, and there sure enough they spied the sham piper i' his lurking-place. Here was a sight, Mr. Romney, a Laird i' a Lum, sitting a cock-stride o' the beam that hangs the haggish-pot. My brother cawd in the family, and the Laird's flunkey came wi' em. When Sandy, finding the pipes upon the floor, handed them up the lum, and insisted the 'Reel o' Bougy,' should instantly be played, or he would light the fire in the grate, and smoor the piper.

"Now when the flunkey found his master i' sic a quandary, he did na ken how to ac, and not daring to make his master's name or station in life known, he was almost beside himsel, how to get his master out of this bruilment, and he stood looking up the lum, scratting his head and stamping his feet, which Sandy observing, bid him wait awhile, and not dance without the piper, then taking a candle towards

the fire-place, he continued, 'I'll soon put the pipes in tune.' The flunkey, thinking he was ganging to light the fire, and destroy his master, ran out yelling murder; and Sandy, guessing he was awa for some warlike implements, followed him, and seized his arm just as he was drawing oot a pair of pistols fra the holsters of his master's saddle. Struggling was i' vain; the first grasp of Sandy's powerful arm convinced the lackey; and Sandy having obtained the weapons, he returned intul the hoose wi' intent to chastise the sham piper; but the bird was fled, a' begrimed and besooted as he was; a swift retreat to the adjoining woods procured him safety, and finding himsel disappointed, my brother returned to the stable, and obtained, but not without some turbulation, and hard words, the name and address of this piping Laird, and then returned hame, full of anxious thoughts, not about the Laird but the Lassie.

"The looer's affections increased so fast wi' keeping ilk other's company,

that na ties o' prudence, nor dictates o' duty, could keep them within the bounds o' sober reason; but throwing the reins upon the neck o' inclination, the silly wains galloped away for Glaskie, where they became man and wife, and this no ane kenned till it was too late to prevent it.

"Ye recollec, Sir, I had passed my promise wi' my brother to move his suit wi' our parent, and I held it my duty to keep my word, though it was a hopeless undertaking. An opportunity soon occurred, and straight I ganged tul my father i' the garden, and, as luck would ha' it, he was unco gude-humoured, and looked as if he could na be fashious aboot any thing; he gard me sit by him on the bench, and preed my moo, and said he loo'd me. It so happened that twa laverocks had bigged their nest i' the next land, and were flying to and fra wi' food for their young. Sir, said I, for I would na bring it on a' at ance, I suppose those wee craters have parents, do ye think, Sir,

they consult them before they become nnited? I mean, Sir, do they ax their parents' permission to build their nests and hatch their young?

"'Thou art an artless girl,' replied my father, taking my hand and giving me his bennison, 'I dunna ken how it has pleased the Deity to ordain the connexions amongst the feathered creation, or by what forms or regulations they are by instinct bound; but I should think, nay I am sure, it is the duty of every rational being to consult, advise, and obey the will of those tul whom they are indebted for their exisitence,—but why this question? surely it is too soon for you to think or talk aboot sic things.' True, Sir, but its na for mysel that I am thinking; but, wi' yer permission I'll put a case. Suppose that laverok, that now stands by his nest, had taken to himsel a beautiful and amiable marrow, but low in rank, humble i' situation, and scant of siller; suppose, I say, that this laverok had done this without the consent o' its parent, what would he

deserve? 'I'll tell ye,' said he rising fra the bench wi' an awfa countenance, and precipitately entering the hoose; then in a moment as it were, returning wi' a fowling piece, shot the poor laverok dead upon the spot, and left me.

"Ah, Mr. Romney, had ye kenned the dorty look, and contemptuous smile, that sat o' his countenance when he pointed at the place where the poor bird lay expiring i' convulsed agonies. Believe me, Sir, I never thought ill o' my parent till then. To shew me by the destruction of the poor laverok what Sandy had to expec, threatening to destroy his anely son, Sir, as a sacrifice to family pride, appeared to me a crying sin, and I inwardly exclaimed, the Laird forgive him.

"This cruel action, for so it most undoubtedly was, rendered my further exertion to move my father's feelings in Sandy's behalf useless; for it was but a cauld coal I had to blow upon. It gars me greet, and I muclke dool, to speak ill o' my parent, but I winna gloss o'er the truth, since my

brother's happiness fell a sacrifice to a father's pride.

Sandy's absence passed unnoticed by his father for three days; they seldom met; their dispositions were adverse, and their feelings as opposite as twa things could be. But when he understood his son had sailed for Glaskie, he became unca fashed, and nae ane dare come near him. Had he ken'd the errand he was gone upon, and the marrow he had sailed wi', the Isle o' Skye wouldna be muckle enough to have held him.

CHAP. XII.

"I must now, Sir, gang back to the laird that made the best of his way frae oot the lum, a' begrimed, and as black as an oozel.

"Weel, sir, he skulked aboot the woods and bye-places, tul glomen, and then returning tul the farm-hoose, threw away his Piper Claisi, washed his grimy visage, and began to ponder wi' himsel how he should compass his revenge upon my bro' Sandy; and finding his personal interference attended wi' muckle danger, he appointed his Flunkey to loiter aboot i the vicinity o' the shepherd's dwelling many days, for the purpose of conveying tul his master a' the intelligence he could pick up, for frae what he had ken'd, as the blind piper, he conceived there was a connection o' some sort between Sandy and the shepherd's daughter; and i' this he was too success-

ful, so putting on the disguise of a shepherd he hired himsel as a servant to auld Wully Nesbit, the father of Nelly, so that he ken'd the whole o' the proceedings between my brother and his lassie, and aw was soon transmitted to the laird M'Donald. But when the twa graceless body's were missing on a sudden, and nae ane ken'd where they ganged tul, the Flunkey was a' beflustered, till a letter came frae Sandy at Glaskie, wi an accoont of the whole transaction, i' aggravated terms, tul my father; and frae the moment he received the letter, my brother's ruin was determined. For the de'il ne'er sent a wind oot o' hell but he would sail wi it.

"When my brother, sir, returned i' sacrit tul the Isle of Skye wi his lovely bride, for so indeed she was, he came himsel to Heatherbell Haw, and his wife returned tul her ane hame, at the shepherd, her father's cot. Now, sir, ye ken, my father glomed wi angry sight upon me ever since he shot the poor laverock, and his knowledge of Sandy's marriage gard him to

look upon me as an accessary, and a malison seemed to hang upon his gloming brow whenever he ken'd me.

"'Tis an auld saying, Sir, 'that its na mare to see a woman greet than to see a goose gae bare-foot;' but I can speak for mysel, my eyes were seldom dry, both on my ain accoont and Sandy's; for to have obtained the anger of a parent, though innocently, is an awfu thing, and to reflec that a brother, the best of aw human craters, had for ever lost the gude-will of his father, and with it, during his life, every pecooniary resource, brought on fashous thoughts that gard me greet morning, noon, and night.

"As I was meditating ane evening, alone in my room, Sandy gently opened the door, on his arrival frae Glaskie. He seated himsel by my side, and placing his hand to his head, wi a heavy sike, 'Ah, my dear sister,' said he, 'what will our high-minded father say, when I confess to him my marriage?' Then taking my hands, wi a kind look that went to my heart,

'Sister,' said he, 'you promised to mediate; you have, I know you have; what am I to expect? will my father receive my Nelly? Alas! I see by your woful aspect I have little to look forward to but displeasure.' I then informed him of the vain attempt I had made upon our father's feelings, whose haughty and impetuous disposition led him to destroy the poor bird, and advised him not to come within his reach, or the consequence might be fatal. Alas, alas, these tears witness what I feel even at the recital. For at that moment some evil being having informed my father of Sandy's arrival; with the spirit of determined revenge for the dishonour of his family, and the features of a furious fiend he entered the room.

"Ye canna form tul yersel, sir, the awfu figure he exhibited, a Grapus frae the infernal regions couldna display a mare murderous countenance. There he stood, wi the broad sword i' ane hand, and the door i' the other, whilst a ghastly grin at having found the objec of his vengeance convulsed

his countenance, and his very teeth gnashed i' his head. Oh, it was a feerfo' sight. 'Thou disgrace to my family,' said he, wi an awsome voice. 'Thou cohabiter wi slaves, villains, rascals, think thou the pure and noble blood of the Calaghaduggans shall be contaminated wi the offscourings of my country? Thou has ta'en to wife a poor beggarly twapy, and the honour and respectability of the most ancient family i' the Isle o' Skye are for ever sunk in ignominy and disgrace, and thy father will become an outspeckle to mankind. I will not survive the disgrace; but first I'll punish thee, thou curse and cause of aw my misery.'

"He then furiously rushed, wi his uplifted sword, towards my brother, who calmly rose to receive him, whilst I, i' a distracted state, ran between them, and frae the agitation of the moment, sunk senseless on the floor. Regardless of me, this pitiless parent made a desperate blow at his son, which, by his address and activity, he avoided, and seizing his father's arm a desperate struggle ensued.

"Now, sir, the great antiquity of Heatherbell Haw had rendered the wainscot of my room rotten i' various places, and i' the conflict 'twixt father and son, both fell against it wi sic force, that the whole side gave way, and brake in wi a terrible crash, by which the competitors lay prostrate i' another apartment, till then unknown and undiscovered.

"There were twa candles on my table, and frae these a dark kind of gloming cast a melancholy light upon the mouldered walls of this decayed chamber, not sufficiently distinct to discern minutely, but enough faintly to distinguish its blood-curdling contents. The combat was relinquished. The combatants arose, and gazed i' horror at the awfu scene they now beheld. As well as I can recollec, this is the accoont Sandy gave o' it, for ye ken I was i' a lifeless state. This horrid place being a chasm i' the north toor, for Heatherbell Haw was ance a castle, and this apartment, for years unknown to the inhabitants, seemed as though it had been a sort of

shelter for soldiers and missile weapons, many small vacancies i' the walls admitted the air, and formerly, it is possible, served for warlike purposes, but then used as a passage for birds, who sought shelter i' this dark abode.

"The moment the wainscot and wall fell in, the affrighted night birds rushed from their resting places. The swallow, the bat, and hullot, awakened by the alarm, and attracted by the sudden effec of light, flew wi' awfu yells towards the candles on the table i' my room, and extinguished ane of them, whilst my father, i' a state of distraction, seized the other, and returned to explore more minutely the contents of this dismal, and till then unknown apartment.

"I'm thinking, Mr. Romney, it is often the will of Providence to check and counterac the bad passions of sinfa mortals, by some awfa circumstance or dreadful calamity, and this unexpected blow was doubtless meant as an antidote to damp and check the ardour of long indulged pride, and a tyrannical despotism. For, sir, when

my father returned with the candle, the first objec that struck him, and dangled close tul his face, was the attamie of a human crater, naught but bare bones, Mr. Romney, hanging frae the roof by a lang rope, crusted over wi mould, and as the light was held nearer the head, bats crept out of the eyes and mouth, and buzzed about the candle. My father's trembling imbs now began to fail him, for his soul, undaunted by almost any common occurrence, shrunk wi horror at this awsome display of death, the dreadful cause of which now, like lightning, flashed across his mind, and wi a voice scarcely audible, he exclaimed, 'Lead me, oh lead me away, whilst I have life!'

"Sandy, whose conscience clear as the mountain spring, felt, but not like his father, who kenned more aboot this awfo scene than any one suspected, and whose pride was sare galled, and heart afflicted, to find his fears confirmed, and that self-destruction had stained the honours of his ancestry Weak, and almost fainting, his

son endeavoured to assist him out of this sorry sepulchre, when their way became impeded by something about their feet, and the light soon added fresh horrors to the scene, for another attamie lay before them, whose dry bones rattled at the touch, and between the ribs of this awsome spectacle, on the left side, a rusty dagger, hilt deep, bore bloody testimony of the assassin's hand.

"This addition to the already distracted state of my father's mind, was mare than human nature could support; and wi uplifted hands and greeting eyes he faintly exclaimed, 'Oh, my God!' and fell into Sandy's arms. At that moment I recovered my senses, and beholding my father and brother i' this wretched situation, without noticing other objects, hied me to their assistance; and as we bore him away I made an attempt to ring the bell, but the word 'No, no,' expressed wi emotion by my father, stopped my hand, and when we had placed him on a sofa, in an adjoining room, he fervently enjoined our inviolable

secrecy, regarding what we had just beheld, and requested that my room might be instantly locked and no one permitted to enter therein. The servants were then foregathered, and every assistance rendered for the recovery of my father; but his mind had received a shock even tul its very foundation, and though the best advice was instantly procured, and unremitting attention paid, yet he spoke not, but remained in a continued stupor for the three following days.

CHAP. XIII.

"The morning after this afflicting discovery, Sandy proposed that we should visit this room together, and explore more minutely its contents, for he said his mind misgave him that there was something mare i' this affair than we were acquainted with.

"I must confess, Mr. Romney, he had much difficulty to gar me into his plan, for though no ane loo's my fellow-crater mare than mysel, when they are quick, I dunna hanker after their company when they are deed; however, I agreed, and wi a large lighted torch we entered, and locked ourselves within, lest the idle sight of curiosity should discover what we had reason to suspec it was our interest to conceal.

"Well, sir, the strong light Sandy held

before us brought the whole of this awfu sight i' an instant tul our view. My brother was deeply interested wi' it, and ye may think I was na less affected, when kindly taking my hand, ere we ventured further; he paused, and pronounced the following pious oration; for though Sandy had na call for the kirk, and didna gie credit to the comforts of Calvinism, or the blessings of the Athenasian articles of faith, he was, nevertheless, a bonny Christian, i' his aue way. It was a vital principle wi him, not a verbal one.

" 'Stop, sister,' said he, 'let us reflec for a moment on the instability of a' human enjoyments. In this dismal cell we have before us, the remains of twa fellow-craters, if I augur right, in some degree of consanguinity, nearly allied to our family; the story is as yet a mystery, which, I conceive, our parent only can unravel. These bones are all the remnants of humanity that time has left as a sign that signify, they once had life, inclosed a soul, were subject to the same feelings we are now possessed

of; with all the vices, virtues, pains, pleasures, desires, doubts, and difficulties, that flesh is heir to.

"They were once young, and probably those now bare ribs inclosed hearts throbbing with noble and generous pulsations towards the distresses of their fellow-creatures, alike prone to err, open to temptation, and subject to the too frequent indulgence of all powerful passion. Surrounded by various temptations, they have, perhaps, fallen the victim of crime, and as it is the will of the Creator that punishment should follow iniquity, theirs, it is to be hoped, is adequate to their transgression.

"I am well aware, sister, that your evangelical disciples of the wretched Calvin would not be content with the sufferings of these our unfortunate fellow-creatures in this world, but think, and I fear, hope they may again be brought into existence, to suffer in the next. Oh no, dear sister, God is as wise as he is powerful, and as just as he is merciful; he is not a malevolent being, nor will he punish but to promote

reformation. He is not the God of the Papists, the Calvinists, the Protestants, the Mahometans, or the Hindoos in particular, but the universal father of all mankind. Wrath and revenge, so much promulgated by the ministers of our kirk is, in my opinion, blasphemy against the omnipotence and goodness of the great Creator; for God is love, and cannot have formed his creatures for misery, foreknowing their fate. Then, heaving a deep sigh, he led me gently forward, and wi cautious steps explored the whole of this frightful Golgotha. Aw was moulder, rottenness, damp, and decay. On the floor, a glass-bottle, on which time had made no visible effec; an oak chair, of very ancient make, was placed near the attamy that hung from the roof, and almost touched its feet, which bore a probability that the puir distracted crater had launched himself into internity fra off this chair.

'On holding the light to the banes that were suspended fra the roof, and more closely examining them, what was our sur-

prise and wonder to find, in the closed hand of the skeleton, stiff and immoveable, the edges of a paper, to be observed only between the boney fingers. Time had not destroyed the appearance entirely, something rather light-coloured remained visible, which Sandy, with the help of a clasp-knife, forced, or rather prised from the grip that death had given it. There were words legibly written on the paper, which my brother read. Alas, sir, they were dreadful to hear, and my heart palpitated wi anguish at the sins and miseries o' my ancestors. It is na to tell, Mr. Romney, what I then felt, and what I now feel i' reciting tul you what ought to be for ever hid fra human knowledge; but I'll gang on, placing confidence where, I trust, it winna be betrayed." I bowed assent, and she proceeded.—

"The contents of the paper ran thus:

'Whoever is unfortunate enough to find this paper, if he values his life let him be cautious in moving from the place on which he stands—one imprudent step will, in an

instant, lay the whole castle in ashes. For barrels of gunpowder, and various combustibles are concealed in the vault beneath, and so connected with the floor of this place, that by moving the bottle, the chair, or the arm of the horrid spectacle that lies before thee, each being connected by wire to a trigger, which, if ever so gently touched, will cause immediate destruction. If thou survivest thy entrance into this place, prostrate thyself before thy Maker, and do what the wretched writer of this could not,—*Pray*. Thank thy God that thou hast escaped with life, for it was my first intention to preserve the credit of my family, that no one should leave the place alive, but I repented me of the evil, and wrote this paper. Thou wilt say, from what motive has all this arisen? I'll tell thee. A bad one—revenge. I must be brief; for my paper is almost covered, and my time is short, for in three minutes I shall be in eternity. I am the Laird of these domains—married early—two children only. My wife was beautiful—I was

jealous—twelve years passed on—a fit of sickness brought my wife to the verge of the grave; the faculty gave her up; she, conceiving herself dying, confessed her sins to me. Acknowledged her infidelity to my bed, and stated that Sandy, my supposed son, was the offspring of adultery. The trial was great. Yet 'forgive as you hope to be forgiven,' was always my motto, and I eased her oppressed soul, by pardoning all her faults. God knows I was sincere. But she recovered, and the devil entered into my soul. Misery for life was now my certain lot. My wife, my son were equally hateful to my sight, and I formed the horrid plan of suicide, but first determined to sacrifice my wife. I did so. I enticed her into this hellish place, previously prepared, and plunged that dagger into her false heart. But her prayers for my forgiveness, in her dying moments, awakened repentance, and in a state of distraction, I looked upon myself as the worst of murderers. Worlds would I have given had the deed been undone. But it

was too late; the fatal blow was struck, and she expired in my arms. To live was madness, and existence the acme of human misery. The rope by which my body will be found suspended, when thou readest this, will testify the mode of my departure. Thou hast now my story; and if thou art governed by either honour or religion thou will keep it to thyself, and convey this paper to my supposed son. I write in repentance to save the life of the first person that shall enter this place, and grieve that I have it not in my power without exposure to alter the mechanism of the intended explosion.

'Fare thee well; let thy steps be cautious in this place, and out of it, and God guard thee against the power of evil passions.'

"It is impossible, Mr. Romney, to convey tul your mind the state of mine; Sandy too was deeply affected, but more able to sustain it; he plainly saw that my faculties were sinking and the consequences might be fatal, an involuntary motion might cause immediate destruction; the bottle too stood

close by Sandy's foot. Struck with the danger, and aware that the loss of my senses, though but for a moment, might be the loss of our lives; a desperate effort was necessary: he instantly dealt me a severe blow on my cheek wi' his open hand, whilst he supported me wi the other, exclaiming 'Collect yourself—for heaven's sake maintain your situation, or you will be the death of us all.'—The severity of the blow, and his energetic exclamation, had the desired effec; I was roused wi the necessity of mental exertion; and supported by my brother's arm, wi tremulous footsteps and cautious motion, we soon escaped fra within the walls o' this sepulchral dungeon.

"Breathless, from well-grounded alarm, I threw myself on a sofa, whilst my brother obeyed the dead man's mandate, and in words and accents most pathetic, returned thanks to God.

"Having recovered myself at least sufficient to walk, we left that part of the hoose and retired tul a room wherein we might consult wi safety, on the mode we should

proceed i' these most awfu circumstances. On inquiry, we found my father kept his bed, and no one was permitted to visit him. Sandy, however, considered it his duty to inform him of what had passed, that means might be taken for the safety of the house and family, and bury the horrid emblems of our misfortunes and disgrace in obscurity. He therefore went tul his bed-side and found him buried in deep affliction, which the news my brother had to communicate, would considerably increase; nevertheless the general safety of us a', required that the combustibles should be instantly removed; and Sandy thus accosted the parent that the night before had attempted to deprive him o' his life, 'Permit your son, Sir, to approach you with all humility and sincere wishes for your speedy recovery.' He paused, when his father, wi an awfu look, cast his eyes bathed i' tears upon him.'

'Sandy,' said he, 'I do not deserve this from thee. Alas, alas, the scene we last night discovered has nearly broke my heart; there is a dreadful mystery attend-

ant on it, a part of which I shudder to reflect on.' 'And I, sir, shudder to confirm your suspicions; but painful as it is to add anguish to your aching heart, I am compelled by duty to inform you of your danger, and that of your family. Let me request, sir, you will call your utmost strength of mind into action, for the contents of this letter will shake your very soul.' He then placed the dead man's confession in his father's hand, who rose to read it; but the heart-rending contents so sarely affected his nerves, that he fell senseless on his pillow, and looked as though life had for ever taken flight. My brother instantly secured the writing, rung for the servants; every care was taken, every advice procured, but for hours he recovered not, although life still lingered in his veins. But, Mr. Romney, there was na time to be lost; the whole place might, in a moment, be destroyed; for although it had remained in its present state for so many years, whilst no one knew of the place, and no visible mode of entrance was

ever observed, yet now it was thrown open the danger was considerably increased, from various circumstances that might happen. My brother, therefore, esteemed it his duty to dislodge immediately the combustibles; this, however, was not a matter easily to be effected, for in removing them the fatal trigger might receive an impulse from some of its attached wires, and destruction follow. As it was impossible to employ any one in so hazardous a work, Sandy hit upon a scheme that effected the purpose without injury, or the risk of it. Wi his own hand he cut down the attamie wi muckle caution, and placing it by the other covered them both wi a small carpet. He then employed all the servants to carry water, and soon filled up the whole place; by this means the gunpowder was rendered useless, and danger from its effects at an end.

"Our father, in the mean time, had recovered the use of his senses, but his life was still despaired of, and possessing some estates that were not entailed toge-

ther, wi' muckle costly furniture, he made his will and left it aw to me; then sending for us to his bed-side, he prayed forgiveness of Sandy, for the attempt upon his life, and bestowing a blessing on us both, bad us farewell; the morning after he departed this life, forgiving every one, as he hoped to be forgiven.

CHAP. XIV.

"Now while aw this was ganging on at his father's Haw, things were canny enough at the shepherd's cot; and the hours o' misery Sandy passed through the day at hame, were fully paid back wi' his Nelly at gloming. Ah, Sir, would it had been more lasting! but the ways o' Providence are na' to be ken'd by mortal ee, or surely his saint-like conduc and heavenly heart, ane would think, deserved a better fate.

"Sandy was in his twentieth year, and twelve months must elapse before he could inherit his estate; and for his support during that time, he was left at the mercy of the executors, no provision being made for him, from the suddenness of his father's decease. These executors were rigid, morose, cruel tyrants. Aw the servants of the house were dismissed; and I mysel

took apartments i' the neighourhood, rather than ask a favour of sic hypocritical bragsters.

"Now, Sir, these executors were what they caw i' Scotland, elders o' the kirk, and Sandy says whenever a man is chosen to that high calling, he becomes a narrow-minded crater, reserving himsel for evangelical enjoyments, which have nothing to do wi' compassion, or flesh and blood; therefore, ye ken, as Sandy did na' attend the kirk, becase he did na' like their creed, he was looked on as ane of the reprobate, and entitled to aw the persecution their holy zeal could inflic, and i' good truth, he got it.

"The Haw was shut up under pretence of alterations and improvements, whilst my brother shared my pittance, which, thanks to Providence, the holy elders couldna touch, although they'd fain have had a grasp at it, my father having willed it to me at his decease, and the will was i' my possession, so that Sandy might have passed the twelve months i'

moderate comfort; but fate, alas, had ordained it otherwise.

"Now, sir, that cowardly loon, the Laird M'Donald, being sare fashed i' his mind, on account of the heavy blows he got fra Sandy; and the soot and suffocation he suffered when he croup up the Lum, he pondered i' his mind deep revenge, and the de'il ganged wi him i' a' his future undertakings; too much a coward to face my brother openly, he planned his ruin i' private, and wi the cunning and malice of a warlock he put it i' practice.

"Ye recollec, sir, the flunkey had hired himsel to Nelly's father, i' the capacity of a shepherd, and still sojourned at auld Nesbit's cottage, and continued to convey intelligence tul his master, though upwards of twenty miles distance; for this bragster spared nae expence to gratify his own revenge, and as the spy perceived that Sandy passed ilka night wi Nelly, and na thinking they were married, for the well-known family pride, so prevalent at Hetherbell Haw, rendered such a circumstance next to im-

possible i' the minds of aw who kenn'd them. This connexion, therefore, being thought a single ane, the Laird looked upon himsel as justifiable in supplying Sandy's place by ony means whatever.

"Our Parents' funeral being fixed for a certain day, it was well known Sandy would be fully employed during the whole of it; mare especially, as the burial ground lay five miles ayont Hetherbell Haw. Nu', this unloosen Laird, kenning that this would be his anely time to reck his muckle vengeance on Sandy, planned aw things wi his flunkey, for the furtherance o' his villainous schemes.

About ane o'clock the procession left the Haw, and at the slow rate they ganged, it would tak twa hoors before it could reach the burying ground; and wi ane thing or another, it would tak twa mare tul return, so that the Laird reckon'd upon four hoors to do his Belzebub business in.

"Weel, Sir, you must now turn your e'e tul Nelly's Cottage, where aw was peace, cleanliness and comfort; her guileless heart

was the mansion of innocence, and suspicion a stranger tul her mind: The clock struck three as she sat spinning at the door, when a strange gentleman alit frae a carriage, and wi mony compliments put the following letter intul her hand. But the recollection of the wee beasty, *Keeper*, was most astonishing; for he never ceased barking at the gentleman during his stay:—

My Dear Nelly,

Come to me instantly, my horse has thrown me on the way to the funeral, don't alarm thyself, for though I am much bruised I have no wounds but the sight of my Nelly can cure. The bearer of this is my friend. I am at a farm-house by the wayside, to which he will conduct thee with safety; lose no time, as thou valuest the peace and comfort

Of thy affectionate

ALEXANDER M'KINLEY CALAGHADUGGAN.

"Ah, sir, this villainous plan succeeded too well; the unsuspicious Nelly, in trembling agitation for her husband's safety, scarcely allowed herself time for change of dress, when, with a palpitating heart,

she stepped intul the carriage with the false friend, who now looked upon his triumph as complete. Ye'll doubtless speer i' your mind, Mr. Romney, why Nelly did na ken her husband's hand-writing; I'll tell ye, sir. Ye ken they hadna been wed but a short time, twa or three months, and neither before nor after the marriage had Sandy occasion to correspond wi his wife, so that Nelly couldna ken his hand-writing.

"The wily Laird, now he had a full view of Nelly's fascinating features, and was struck wi her beauty, and the sweet tones of her voice, when, wi bewitching simplicity, her eyes greeting wi strong feelings o' affection, she speerd, if Mr. Sandy was any ways dangerously hurt? He answered in the negative; and now, for the first time, began to conceive that flattery might render force unnecessary; and accordingly used cuitled words, and took her hand i' a love-like manner, but found himself fashed wi a more courageous companion than he expected; wi an aspec

of horror and contempt, "Hoot away,' said she, precipitately withdrawing her hand, and though silent, her een spoke the language of insulted virtue. Finding flattery wouldna do, he next went to work wi his siller, and offered her his purse, upon which she rose indignant, and ordered the driver to stop, but it was useless, for, puir body, she kenned na wha she was wi, nor where she was ganging, muckle she grat wi sobs and siking, but her noble spirit returning, 'I'm thinking, sir,' said she, 'gin Mr. Sandy sent ye for me, as a friend, he didna ken that ye were his enemy.' Then for the first time the idea came across her mind, that she had been imposed upon, and wi increased loudness, o' voice demanded, 'Where are ye taking me? I'll gang nae further." Then addressing the driver, 'Stop, lod, or I'll gang out of the casement,' and so she soon would, had not Mr. M'Donald stopped her, for she was doughty, and of a spirit unconquerable i' a gude cause; well, this de'il of a Laird's puny soul sunk wi'in him at the determined

look o' his intended victim, for as Wully Shakspeare says, 'Conscience makes cowards of us aw'.

"Now, sir, a' this while they had ganged mony a mile, though it were na very swift travelling, for i' those days roads were seldom to be met wi i' our Island, and folk were forced to pick and chuse their way as well as they could. Gloming was coming on, and at the moment Nelly would ha ganged through the window, they were on the brink o' a burn, and as there had been a spate in the water the night before, a wee rise had taken place, and clasping her hands together i' a supplicating position began to pray,—the driver stopped.—'Gang on,' cried the laird;'—but the lad replied, 'I canna, sir, nor I winna gang ane yard further, and I wouldna counsel ye, sir, to gar me, for I plainly ken here is a Water Kelpy*, by the swelling up o' the burn, and we shall aw be drooned as sure as the

* A spirit, supposed to attend the waters, and assist in drowning.

de'il's i' hell.' 'Go on, I say;'—'I'm thinking, sir, gin yer minded tul gang on, ye'd better drive yersel; it's vary presumptuous to fly i' the face o' a Kelpy, and I dunna approve o' the job.' So saying he dismounted. An argumentation then began between the master and the man, which so took up the attention o' the Laird, that he noticed not Nelly's escape out o' the carriage, she having skilfully opened the door unperceived.

"Now there happened to be a small cottage among some trees lower down the burn side; tul this the affrighted Nelly ran wi muckle speed, the laird and his postillion following; but Nelly hadna scampered on the hether so often after her father's sheep, without knowing the use o' her legs, and knocking wi some force at the cottage door, it was opened by a Carline, a sort of auld wife, who gangs about fra hoose tul hoose wi a basket, selling pins, garters, laces, caps, wi flip-flaps for lassies, and she dwelt alone i' this miserable hut, far fra any habitation, twa cats being her

anly companions. It was nearly dark, and the puir oppressed crater had scarcely entered the Hut when the pursuers overtook and insisted on her immediate return tul the carriage, but it was a' i' vain, neither force nor intreaty could move her. To prevent the former she seized a large kitchen knife that lay on a table, placing her back against the wa', and boldly exclaimed, 'I'll lose my life before ye shall gar me to do wrang.' A parley now took place, and the Laird cawd the woman Ben, for there were but twa rooms i' this wee puir dwelling, whilst the driver was left to guard the oppressed but determined Nelly. They soon returned, and the woman, wi seeming politeness, invited my brother's wife intul the other room, which the unsuspecting lassie eagerly accepted, in hopes of meeting wi her protection; but, alas, she was wofully mistaken, for no sooner had she entered the bed-room wi the woman than the wretch, M'Donald, followed, producing a brace of pistols, and to intimidate and convince them that they were loaden, he cou-

rageously discharged ane at the puir cat that lay by the fire, and killed it o' the spot. Yes, sir, he destroyed the harmless crater. But the day has ears, and the night een, and though cruelty and oppression may triumph for a whele, the hand o' Providence will o'ertak i' gude time; and so it was i' this case, for the beasty didna lose her life for nought, as ye will ken hereafter. The report o' the pistol, this bragster thought, would facilitate his views, by intimidating the objec of his pursuit to yield tul his base purposes. But Nelly was not to be daunted by squibs and crackers. Firm she stood, regardless of his threats, nor dare he approach, for the knife was sharp-pointed, or there were no means base enough for this brute to have undertaken. At last, i' a muckle state of exasperation, he held forth the pistol, and swore that if in ae half hoor she didna consent tul his wishes, her life should answer for it, and then threatening the woman o' the hoose, unless she advised Nelly to comply he would ruin her, he retired.

"When Sandy returned frae the funeral, it was gloaming, and wishing me a guid night, he repaired tul the cottage i' full expectation of being amply repaid for aw the troubles o' the day i' the sweet society o' his Nelly; but what was his surprise, and anguish, to find no ane at hame but the elder brother, the same Lod who fought wi' him against the hare fleshers, and he answered Sandy's distracted inquiries by producing the letter his sister had received, and this convinced him that she had fallen a prey tul some deep laid scheme, and as there was na time to be lost wi' cracking, each wi' a staff, and a dirk by his side, Sandy and his stout brother-i'-law set out i' search o' Nelly o'er mountain, hilloc, and hether, through bush, thicket, and bramble, they ran, they kenned not where; they speerd ilka body they kenned, but aw was useless, and after twa hoors hard tramping, they sat doon on a brey that overhung a deep glen, and siked most piteously; for as there were nae regular roads, they were at a loss which way to take,

whilst Keeper, by his anxious looks, and busy footing round about, seemed to ken their errand, and wished to aid their endeavours, but despair now hung on Sandy's broo, and Keeper went unnoticed, til a distant yell in the glen beneath, at last awakened their attention, and Donnald, long used to Keeper's pipe, when he gained the track o' straying sheepy clapped Sandy o' the back wi muckle spirit, and exclaimed, 'He has it, he has it; gang awa, Keeper has got the foot.' Like mountain rae, running, they skipped down the brey, and in a few minutes they were with the beasty i' the glen; and there, sure enough, they found poor Keeper smelling, and twisting, and turning, and shaking his tail quite lively, and i' high spirits, as if he kenned mare than his master, and i' gude truth so he did.

"How are we to account, Mr. Romney, for the wonderful faculties possessed by the brute creation, that humanity is totally unacquainted with?

"At length the sagacious brute took a

straightway out of the glen, looking back occasionally wi an important sort of yell, that seemed to signify follow me. Ah he was a bonny beasty; I kept him wi me, Sir, till the hoor o' his death, nay I would na a taken a thoosand poond for him, if it were only for the guid he did tul my brother Sandy that night. Awa they aw ganged for many a mile, but Keeper, through eagerness, sometimes o'er ran the scent, and brought them back a wee bit tul it was recovered, yet, nevertheless, it was plain they were i' the right way, for they kenned the track o' the wheels every now and then i' saft places, for the moon having risen sometime, gave them a gleam o' light from between the dark clouds, so they travelled wi' hope, and this gave them strength to keep pace wi' the faithful cur, who at last led them to the burn side, and barked at the very door o' the carriage that stood where the M'Donald had left it,

"And now they were at a stand, Keeper could do no mare for them, and reason and

reflection was their anly guide, which soon set them i' the right path. 'The carriage and horses are here,' said my brother, 'and the passengers can't be far off, the country is nearly uninhabited,'—'Nay,' cries Donald, observing the twinkling of a light amongst the trees,—'if I ken right, there is a hoose i' that glen.' Awa they went, and were soon at the door that puir Nelly left not mare than an hour before. Luckily the coof o' a Laird hadna the thought to fasten it after her, so there was na resistance, and they entered aw i' darkness, except a wee bit o' glimmer on the hearth-stane; nor was there a human crater visible to the ee, but the snore o' some ane was perceptible to the ear, and soon they found stretched on the floor, a human being wi' an empty whiskey-bottle, i' his hand, and by moving the sparkling embers, they soon ken'd him to be the flunkey spy so recently i' the service o' Nelly's father's. Sandy's heart now beat wi' terrible forebodings. 'Here is the man, but where is the master? aye, and where is Nelly? she is virtuous.' Daring to doubt it,

caused sic a sensation through his whole frame, that he exclaimed, striking his breast, 'what a detestable wretch am I.'

"Jealousy, Mr Romney, had never yet entered Sandy's mind, but now a gleam shot across his sensitive soul, and what followed served tul increase it. A candle was soon found, and they ganged Ben, when the first objecs that struck my brother's agitated een, were the shoes, gown, and bonnet, o' his wife, placed on a chair near a bed, in which lay twa folk fast asleep, and ane, he plainly ken'd to be Nelly, by her cap, being the first present he ever made her.

"I'm thinking, sir, that it would be unca fashous to find words to describe, or fancy to conceive the awfu state of my brother's mind at this seeming certainty o' Nelly's guilt, and the immediate ac o' madness that jealousy had nearly gard him to commit, is a proof o' it. Wi' a faltering voice and streaming een, he feebly articulated, 'How have I deserved this from thee, my Nelly?' Then resuming his manly dignity, 'But why do I parley?

Here's the hellish cause of a' my misery, and thus I punish him." He then drew his dirk, and held up his arm wi full purpose to strike it tul M'Donald's heart, but the female shrieked aloud, 'Do not strike, for you are mistaken.' This timely information stopped the blow, and saved a fellow-crater's life, however sinfa. Oh, sir, it was a Providential interference, and caused a conflic o' feelings i' Sandy's mind, easily to be perceived i' every look and gesture.—Joy at the happy discovery;—remorse for his foul suspicion, and revenge against the wretch, who lay almost senseless wi fear, and speechless wi surprise, at the deception he had brought upon himself by his ain wickedness.

"It was wi muckle difficulty Sandy restained himsel fra indulging a strong desire to punish wi severity the author of aw his calamities, who now, on his knees, supplicated forgiveness; however, he restrained himsel i' reasonable bounds, although it were na likely he should let sic a sinfu action pass withoot chastisement.

"The woman foreseeing serious consequences fra Sandy's frantic looks, explained the whole, and i' some degree calmed his fears, by informing him that Nelly, through her means, had escaped i' safety, and could na be far off, scarcely an hour having elapsed since she left the hoose. 'Thank God,' exclaimed he, 'that she has escaped the snares of this cowardly reptile.—But where, alas, is she? Wandering in the dark alone and unprotected.—This is thy doings,' continued he, turning to M'Donald, and thou shall suffer for it. I will spare thy life, though thou deserves to lose it, and I thank the kind hand of Providence that prevented the fatal blow, which ere this would have sent thee to thy long and black account.' Saying this, wi active quickness they bound the Laird's hands wi his ain garters, and in a moment drove him out towards the burn, in which they ducked him twa times, and then placing him in his ain carriage, cauld, wet, and naked, set the horses a ganging, who soon forded the burn, and kenned na mare

o' him.—The punishment ye'll say was unca severe, Mr. Romney, but aw things considered ye canna think it was muckle so.

"And now again they mounted the brey, and made the glen resound wi their hootings and hallooings.—'Nelly! Nelly!' was echoed fra every mountain round, and wee ground listening ear, and anxious silence, for a cheering answer, they lay stretched upon the turf.

"Wi yer permission, Mr. Romney, we will leave Sandy a wee bit, while I just gie ye a short sketch o' the canny contrivance to which Nelly was indebted for her escape fra the M'Donald crater.

"As soon as they were alane Nelly ceased to greet, and casting her fine een upon the woman wi a look o' honest indignation, that made a deep impression upon the puir body, she thus bespoke her, 'Dost thou caw thysel a Christian? and hast thou not been told that the Laird o' Heaven kens aw our doings here below, and that charity covers a multitude o' sins.

Where then was thy religion, thy charity, when an innocent and oppressed female, pursued by a wretch, a monster, wha wi a lying letter beguiled her from her hame, wi foul intention upon her ruin? Where then was thy religion, when after craving shelter under thy roof, thou inhospitably hast betrayed her for filthy lucre?' During this excellent harangue, the woman's visage changed, and her convulsed muscles proclaimed grutten was at hand; then wiping her een, and casting them towards the door, i' a whisper she replied,—'I canna help it; he is the laird o' this place, and I must seek hoose room among the hether, unless I consent to whatever he wool. The Laird o' Heaven kens weel my heart detests sic doings, but what can I do? There is but ane way, and that will still bring on my ruin;' 'and what is that,' said Nelly, her ee sparkling wi a gleam o' hope.—'I'll put on *yer* claes, and ye shall ha *mine*, then ye shall gang yer gate out at the door, and the Laird protect ye.'

'But when he finds his mistake?'—'He'll

na do that vary soon, for I shall put the condle out.'—'But then, oh dreadful! you will fae a sacrifice to my release.'—'Lady, it gars me grute to confess to ye, that I have lang been, against my will, at his disposal, and rather than you should fae a sacrifice I will undergo his displeasure, although I ken weel he will for ever withdraw his protection.'

"Nelly pondered awhile, and reasoned wi hersel whether it were proper to save her honour and her life by sic sinfa means, and how she could reward the unfortunate crater for her losses. Her heart warmed wi virtuous love, and her een sparkled wi pleasure, when she cawd to mind her Sandy's noble and generous disposition.—My Sandy, thought she, will make her every amends, and place her out of this horrid life of infamy. Thus reconciled she agreed to the proposal of the woman, and after exchanging claes wrote wi a pencil, on a scrap o' paper, as follows:—

"I am taking a little rest; shall soon, I trust, be refreshed, and will then agree tul

your proposals, provided you keep the secret, and spare my blushes by coming in the dark.'

"Being now fully equipped she gently opened the door, and closed it as gently; beck'ning the laird, who was on the watch, wi his flunkey by the fireside; then concealing her face as weel as she could frae his notice, silently placed the paper i' his hand, the contents of which so enraptured him that he fain would have embraced her, but, she held up her hand i' token of silence, and slowly walked to the outward door, which the moment she had opened and gently closed again behind her, wi a heart as sincere as ever saint possessed, returned her pious thanks tul heaven for this most Providential escape. The vile laird kenning where the whiskey-bottle stood, took a glass to stifle the qualms o' conscience, and left his flunkey to finish the bottle.

"Ye recollec, sir, we left Sandy and Donnald hooting and listening, but they got na answer; Keeper, too, was busy, but

aw wouldna do; they weel kenned it were na wise to gang far frae the hut, for Nelly hadna time to have made muckle way.—It is an ald saying, 'that sometimes a coof will find out what a canny man doesna ken;' for Donnald roused Sandy frae his despair, wi 'Hoot awa, mon, what are ye gloaming at? Nelly's at hame by this time; there is not a brey nor a mountain wi'in eight miles of our hoose that she isna well acquainted wi, and every sheep track upon it. At that moment Keeper, wha was higher up i' the hether, began to gie token wi his tail, of gude tidings, and followed the scent quicker than they could keep pace wi him; but as the sun began to glimmer over the breys, they kept him i' view for mare than an hoor, and only lost sight o' him at the threshhold o' Nelly's cottage-door, where soon they arrived, and wi palpitating heart Sandy inquired for his Nelly. 'She has been hame these twa hoors,' replied ald Wully Nesbit; but she is ill fashed wi footing it over the mountains, and bed is the best place for her. Ah,'

continued he, 'I kenned there was some muckle de'ilment foregathering, for our Browney was sare fashed, and made muckle din aw the night, and a Carly* roosted i' the lum, but I trust i' Providence there's na skeath among ye.'

* A raven.

CHAP. XV.

"And now, Mr. Romney, comes the most awfu part of this tragic tale; it gars me greet to tell it, but let me not be presumptuous whilst resignation is commanded; and, thanks to Providence, my brother still lives, who, wi aw his fashous whims and unca fancies, is an ornament to humanity.—From the vile snare my brother's wife had so miraculously escaped, he kenned weel he was indebted to the puir woman at the lanely hut at the burn side, and conceiving it probable that the M'Donald crater would spit his venomous spite upon her, sent wi aw despatch a message wi ten poonds, to protec her against the power of this vile Laird, for which the puir crater was unca thankfu; but the news she communicated was of an awfu

nature. The M'Donald, as a punishment for his sinfa life, tied and bound i' the carriage, couldna rescue himsel, and was dragged about at the will o' the horses for mony a mile, till at last a shepherd released him, and wi a hospitality that was proverbial i' the Isle o' Skye, placed him i' bed i' his own cottage, where he was supplied wi every comfort.

"But aw was useless; in a very few hours he expired; and his last words were, 'Oh Dolly M'Pharson,' the name of the woman at the Hut. The flunkey, wha ye recollec, sir, was left snoring on the hearthstane, rendered senseless by the contents of the whiskey-bottle, awakened soon after his master's disgracefu departure, who, finding him gone, blundered his way oot, though he was so foo he could scarcely walk, to find the carriage and horses, but missed his road, fell into the burn, and was drooned.

"These were melancholy tidings for a man of Sandy's sensitive mind, he looked upon himsel as a murderer, sarely repented

the rash ac he had committed. If some kind spirit had but whispered i' his lug the sad consequences that might follow, he wadna for worlds ha done it. Ah, sir, gin things to be done twice, ilka ane would be wise.

"Nelly still kept her bed, for she was sare fatigued, although she kenned weel the gate and na mishap had taken place, yet she was sare tired wi so lang a walk, not having ganged frae hame since her marriage. Sandy's anxiety was now muckle increased by his wife's loss of colour and general relaxation. His days were miserable, and his nights were restless, for loo is as warm among cotters as courtiers, and perhaps mare so. Sandy's time was now nearly occupied, except the few hours he spent wi me, i' close attention upon his sickly wife; medical advice became necessary, and his expenses increasing, he again applied to the executors, but wi na success, his known aversion to the principles o' Calvin having hardened

the hearts, if they had any, of these holy hypocrites, and they pretended the improvements o' the Haw had required aw the money i' their possession, yet Sandy lacked na siller while his sister had power to supply him. But what, alas, can siller do; it cannot renovate the sinking frame; it canna alter the decrees o' Providence. Alas, alas, sir, the fair form of my brother's wife, mare precious tul him than his existence, daily and visibly declined. For i' consequence of the late agitation of her mind, and great personal exertions, a miscarriage took place, the effecs of which will never be erased from my brother's mind. Sir, the story is too painful to dwell upon, and to make as short as possible o' the melancholy tale, Nelly sarely sickened. She became worse and worse; and, oh my heart! Nelly died. Frae that moment Sandy kenned na ane, nor any thing aboot him, but wi a kind o' soft idiotic grin became as daff and insensible as a wain at twa months auld.

"Whilst it pleaseth Providence to spare me gin I live to a hundred years old, I shall never forget it; ye may ken, frae what I now feel, what I then experienced. Oh, it was an awfu time, enough to distrac the strongest mind; ye may conceive a wee o' what my brother felt, but no words can describe it.—And sir, as ane evil seldom comes without another o' the back 'ont; the pious Elders went to work with aw the vengeance o' Popish Inquisitors. Sandy was now ane and twenty, and of course aw the Hetherbell Estate became his ain, but the fingers o' the Elders were tiney, and they stuck tul it, under the plea of insanity, and gave it out that a judgment had lit upon Sandy on account of his heretical opinions; then they sent him off, notwithstanding my tears and intreaties, to an English Lunatic Asylum, where he was bound down, though as quiet as a lamb, blistered, bled, physicked, and secluded from society. In short, every thing was done to keep him a customer for life, and

the executors i' possession o' the estate. I will na say he was detained by their express order, but I'm just thinking, it was na without their knowledge, nor against their will, and for twelve months he remained i' confinement before I could gain information of the place. At last I obtained it, through the medium of Donnald, poor Nelly's brother, who got it of the servants of ane of the executors, for to my inquiries they returned no answer, although I was well known to be a constant kirk woman.—Having obtained knowledge o' the place of his residence, I despatched a trusty servant, who had been i' our family frae his youth upwards, and wi trouble, time, and expense, he obtained an interview, and found my brother i' full possession o' his reason, but sarely oppressed wi the tyrannical conduc of those who had power over him. What to do I couldna tell; I had always entertained a strong prejudice against what i' Scotland are called writers, but what I call *tormentors*.

Yet some legal method must be taken, I well kenned to procure my brother's liberty; at last I met wi what was called an honest lawyer; that is, ane that inflicted torture more mercifully than the rest. Weel, sir, this honest man fashed me for siller, to a considerable amount; but he obtained my brother's liberty; yet still the estate was i' what is called Chancery, and as it was likely to remain there a wee bit, for it is na justice but time that ends a Chancery suit, Sandy thought it best, not being able to bear the sight o' his native island, where every objec was likely to revive disturbance o' his mind, to go abroad. Accordingly, the vile executors, thinking there would be a chance that way of getting rid of him, perhaps for ever, forwarded a sufficient sum, to be repaid when the estate came out o' Chancery. Weel, sir, ten long years elapsed, and na likelihood of any decision favourable or unfavourable taking place.

"At length my personal attendance being required, I repaired to London, fashed wi

twa Glaskie tormentors, and took up my abode i' these apartments. The second day after my arrival, i' looking over the proceedings o' the court, i' the London papers, wi an ee to my Chancery suit, I happened to read an accont of a poor ignorant Irish haymaker, who was brought up for trial, counterfeit siller having been found upon him, which it was supposed and afterwards proved to have been dropped into his pockets by the very Police Officers who laid the information, in hopes of obtaining forty pounds, commonly called blood money, by the poor man's execution. The artless story this oppressed crater told, had sic an effec upon my feelings, and well knowing the little chance a puir man has, if ever so innocent, without money, I sent for an English tormentor and empowered him to fee Counsel, and spare nae expence to obtain justice. The thing was done, sir; the Irishman was acquitted, the Police-man found guilty, threatened wi punishment, but never punished. I have, since that time, taken the crater into my service, and

Murtoch Delany is the man. Soon after this I purchased my twa poodles, Skye and Mull; and to conclude, my dear brother is arrived i' bonny health, and sound gumption; and I trust his troubles have aw ended wi the Chancery suit."

CHAP. XVI.

Imperfectly as I have been able to state from recollection this most eccentric narrative, I have no doubt the reader will, nevertheless, feel a degree of interest in the perusal; but the old lady's feeling mode of relating the occurrences that took place in her family, and more especially those that concerned her brother, had an effect far more interesting than any description could create; and aided by the Scotch idiom in perfection, which I have but lamely attempted to follow, made upon my mind so strong an impression, that time, I think, will not entirely erase, whilst "memory holds her seat."

Had it not been for respect, the risible muscles would frequently have been called into action, during this narration, from the

frequent application of snuff to the small lump in the middle of her face, called a nose, and the regular three slow polishers that always followed.

"That my brother," continued she, "will ever be himsel again, that is, entirely composed i' his mind, I have muckle reason to doubt; for though he is perfectly resigned to the decrees of Providence, and a mare pious and sincere Christian, i' his way, canna be, yet any subjec that revives i' his mind the dreadfu loss o' his Nelly, probes the unclosed wounds o' his heart, and his head becomes affected. But this is mostly to be perceived by those who are acquainted wi him; at other times he is the vary fountain of information. His adherence to the Island costume renders his appearance singular, but he is strongly attached tul it, and I doubt not will remain so.

"Ye can easily ken my country frae my speech, but though Sandy is partial to the dress o' his country he is na so to the dialec; and early i' life, as he pursued his

studies, he strove to overcome it, and succeeded."

The door now opened, and Murtoch announced Mr. Callaghaduggan's return.—The old lady ordered tea, and her brother entered the room.

I confess I was so prepossessed in his favour from what I had heard, that I looked upon him as an uncommon being, a sort of earthly angel, and the warmth of affection that he displayed towards his sister, whom he saluted, and then, with a most winning smile, moved to me, completed my adoration.

"My dear brother," said the kind old lady, permit me to introduce to your notice a gentleman, whose birth, talent, and education together, wi his literary acquirements, entitle him to your friendship.

"Sister, you do me honour," said he, taking my hand. "Sir, permit me to hope you will indulge me with your friendship." "Ah, ye'll just suit each other, I'm thinking. My brother, Mr. Romney, has not

the experience o' the world that ye have, but quite enough to be tired o'nt."

"Nay, sister, you go a little too far; as long as I can render any service to my fellow-creatures, I shall never be quite tired of the world; for this purpose I am sent into it, and I rejoice in the commission, for there is a pleasure attendant on it which "physic's pain."

"True, sir; the human being, whose power enables him to indulge the generous feelings of his heart, has much cause for gratitude to the Creator, in being placed as a medium through which he bestows blessings on his creatures. I cannot help wishing that warm hearts and weighty purses might be more frequently connected, for surely, hearts capable of feeling for misery, must be truly wretched in being deprived of the means of relieving it."

Murtoch's entrance with the tea equipage gave the conversation a turn; for the worthy Highlander having never seen this strange looking Irishman before, except

at his first entrance, his figure and speech seemed to interest him much.

"Murtoch, dunna ye ken there's three i' company, and ye have anly brought twa cups."

"I was not after knowing, my lady, what I was never told at all, that is, that Mr. Romney had received an invite. Och, I'll be back wid it in a flea skip."

Away the poor Irishman ran, and in a moment returned. "Here they is, my lady, as nate as a dasy; now what is it your ladyship will be after eating? the cook waits to know, would you like cold bread or toasted butter?" "Toast *and* butter, you mean; let us have both, and bring my muffin." "Is it in the next room ye have it? I'll fetch it immadiately." And he quickly returned with a white dog's hair muff on his arms.

"It's here, my lady." "Hoot away! what's that for?" "Did not your ladyship bid me bring your muff in?" This blunder caused an immediate laugh, and Murtoch

finding he was the cause of it, left the room.

"That is a most singular character," observed Mr. Calaghaduggan. "I have heard much of the comic humour and wit attributed to the lower classes of the Irish, but never had a specimen of it before.

"By what means, dear sister, did you procure this uncommon being?"

Mrs. M'Kinley then related the manner in which she obtained him, and enlarged on the simplicity, sensibility, and honesty of his character, which so interested her brother, that the next time he entered the room, he addressed him. "Murtoch," said he, "what part of Ireland gave you birth?"

This application was highly flattering. Nothing could please the poor Irishman more than to inquire about his country.

Thus arrested on his way out with the tea-tray he slowly replaced them on the table, then with one hand on the back of a chair, and scratching his head in a humourous kind of way with the other.

"Why, your honour, it's as aisy for a body to say where he is buried as where he is born; he knows nothing about the one, and as little about the other, but old dame Dougherty has good information that Mrs. Delany was brought to bed, and most joyfully delivered of something mighty ugly like myself, at Trogbog, near Ballinamuch."

"And what were you brought up to, Murtoch?"

"Hay-making and potato-making, your honour, and carried on the trade in a nate and merchant-like manner for some years, wid a nate cabin, a potato plat, three small fields, a cow, pigs, a wife, and two beautiful bouncing brats as ever was seen."

"A very numerous family, Murtoch."

"Yes; but it didn't last long, your honour.—Murtoch was too happy.—Oh, by the powers! I'd give a limb to see that same day again."

The strong feelings of the poor fellow's heart were now visible in his eyes.

"What, you were unfortunate in your business, Murtoch, were you?"

"Business! hubbabu, I'd not have cared a marvadie if the cow, pigs, potatoes, and all the rest of it, had been buried in a bog, if my Judy had been spared to poor Murtoch.

"Ah, my lady, saving your presence, she was a beautiful crater, and she loved Murtoch, and de babies, and de loved her, and—and so.—Ah, by the powers, don't ax me any thing about it, your honour; it makes my eyes-strings ache, so that, if it were not for the shame of the thing, I could blubber away like a flogg'd school-boy. De short and de long is this; we were of the Catholic religion, which her ladyship calls the scarlet whore, and one dark night, about two in the morning, the Orange murderers came and set my cabin all in a flame of fire. Judy, wid little Barney at her breast, and Looney by her side, lay as fast in sleep as if nothing had been de matter at all, so I jumped up, thinking to put out the fire, without disturbing any of the innocent craters, so I called Murphy O'Shaughmay, at the next cabin, to lend

me a hand; but Murphy's cabin was fired too, so as the Orangers had nailed up his door, Murphy answered from a hole in the thatch. Och, said I, Murphy is dat you or your brother."

"Troth," said he, "it's my brother." Come, this instant minute, said I, or Judy'll be burnt.

"So down he jumped, all frizzled and scorched, like a red herring. How is it wid you? said I, "Ah, I'm kilt," said he, and sure enough he died upon the spot.

"Now, your honour, this was all done in a flea skip, so when I came back, de flames were all flying out of the top of the cabin.

"As sure as death, your honour, you might have knocked me down wid a fedder, so I run into the midst of de flames to save the dear craters, and at that moment the whole of de cabin fell in, and covered me all over, and but for the two rafters that sheltered me, I should have been kilt over and over again.

"But peep of day coming, the Orangers

having done their holy deeds of cruelty, by burning the poor Catholics, for the glory of their religion, made the best of their way, and left the poor neighbours to drag out the dead bodies, and bury them as they could.

"As I was not quite kilt, I let them know, by making a mighty hullabaloo amongst the rubbish, and dey soon pulled me out; but oh, the Father! sure the like was never seen.—Oh, no.—Nor ever will be seen. Had your ladyship clapt your eyes on the dear craters; they lay in the ruins as black as a coal, and as dead too; it would have brought all the water of yer body into yer eyes. Indeed it would, my lady.—And so we waked wid my darlings, and we.—Oh, my Judy, my Judy, my Judy!"

Here the poor fellow began to howl, after the manner of his country, tears following each other in quick succession down his furrowed features.

The effect of his story, and the artless manner in which it was related bore visible

testimony on the fine countenance of Calaghaduggan, which, towards the conclusion, assumed a warmth of feeling and animation rather alarming, for rising precipitately from his seat, he closed poor Murtoch in his arms, then striking his forehead, walked about the room in a state of apparent distraction.

As I plainly saw, by his convulsed features, that Murtoch's relation had awakened in the feeling mind of this noble Highlander, strong sensations of anguish for the dreadful loss he had formerly sustained; and conceiving the consequences might be unpleasant, I bade them adieu for the evening.

CHAP. XVII.

Having it now in my power, through the medium of my liberal Preston friends, to return into Cheshire without the continual gnawing pain that poverty always creates about the regions of the heart;—the little cottage too, being by the same singular and Providential means, for the present well provided, my mind became tranquil, and I fancied myself happy, in spite of all my misfortunes.

What a change in the complexion of the countenance, nay, the very soul, a few paltry pounds will make.

The idea of want, more particularly of its affecting those whom we value more than ourselves, receiving, at least, a temporary banishment, rejoices the soul, and fills the features with complacency.

Such was my case. Possessing a mind capable of quick transitions, from pain to pleasure, frequently on the slightest grounds, I now felt a degree of comfort I had not experienced for many months before.

Having taken leave of all my friends from the, to me, dismal walls of Drury, to the worthy Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, my publishers, in Paternoster-row, whose kind, hospitable, and friendly conduct, through the whole of this most painful occurrence of my eventful life, will never be erased from my mind. I last of all prepared, and not without considerable regret, to say farewell to the truly amiable Mrs. M'Kinley Callaghaduggan, her worthy brother, and "though last not least in love," the simple, honest, generous-hearted Irishman, Murtoch Delany.

On entering the room, I found the old lady seated as usual, snuff-box and handkerchief on the table, Skye and Mull basking at her feet before the fire. As I had hinted frequently before, my intention of

quitting London in a very short time, she seemed to augur, from my appearance, preparation for departure.

Holding out her hand, in token of friendship or esteem, a custom prevalent amongst all the respectable classes in Scotland, much to the credit of their hospitality and politeness,

"Mr. Romney, the parting o' gude friends, though but for a wee bit foregathered, is an epitome of human life, for the nearest and dearest must part, though not, I trust, for ever. The hope of again meeting, never to separate, with those we loved i' this world, is muckle pleasure, and the Christian's delight.

"Tak yer seat, Mr. Romney. Murtoch informs me you are preparing for departure. Believe me, sir, I shall always respec ye; and though I am, I must confess, strongly prejudiced against yer former way o' life, I mean the stage, yet it doesna gar me to become blind to the merit of a worthy individual, or to think that the gude of aw occupations and aw countries, will find

favour i' the sight o' the Lord. The conversation now turned upon the effect Murtoch's history had upon her brother the night before, and according to the old lady's account, his state was truly deplorable.

The moment I departed, he retired to his room in deep dejection, and past the whole of the night in sighs and piteous groans, repeatedly calling on his beloved Nelly.

"However," continued she, "the fresh morning brought fresh spirits, and to keep them on an equilibrium, he has thought it proper to gang tul Covent Garden Theatre this evening, entertaining na scruples o' conscience aboot sic performances; but as his house is mine, to which he is as regular as the clock, I hope you will not leave without seeing him."

I accepted the invitation with pleasure, for I felt a high respect for the old lady, and it was impossible to know her brother without veneration. In the conversation that took place during the interval, the old

lady explained her future views, and led me to understand, that now the law-suit was finished, and the fortune possessed by her brother, together with her own, enabling them to indulge their inclination for travelling, it was then intended to visit the principal places in Scotland, which although their native country, they were as yet very little acquainted with, having spent the greatest part of her life within the island that gave her birth.

Before nine her brother arrived, and seemed highly pleased with Denmark's Prince, by Mr. Young, upon which his sister professed much surprise, that a serious character of his reading and education could relish fictions, framed in levity, and promoting licentiousness.

I shall never forget the strong marks of his expressive features, in making the following reply:

"My dear sister," said he, taking her hand in the kindest manner, "I am so well acquainted with the angelic goodness of your heart, and so convinced that you

speak the genuine sentiments of it, that your prejudices, which appear obscured to me, and by most people would be thought illiberal, I am confident, arise from the purest motives; nevertheless, my dear Edith," continued he, still pressing her hand, permit me to request you will for a moment turn aside from the narrow prejudice of your education, and make use of the understanding that I know you possess, and which God has bestowed upon you, not to lay prostrate under the grindstone of priestcraft and superstition, but to enable you to detect and cast off the illibera machinations of mercenary men, who batten in idleness and luxury on the ignorance and credulity of mankind.

In Constantinople, the followers of the blessed Jesus are treated with every kind of contempt, and subject to every kind of reproach, *Christian dog* being a general epithet, bestowed by a set of people who never read the gospel, and are quite ignorant of its contents. You will acknowledge this is the height of illiberality."

"Exacly, Sandy, yer right."

"Then how is it, my dear sister, that you can so easily discern the mote in the eyes of others, whilst you perceive not the beam in your own?"

"How's that, Sandy?"

"Why, sister, you condemn Dramatic works for their levity and licentious effects, although I well know you never read, or witnessed the representation of them in your life."

The old lady not being prepared for this sudden rebuke, made a double application to the snuff-box, and casting a complacent look at me, as much as to say, What do you think of that, Mr. Romney? laid down her box, and prepared for a reply.

"Brother, ye ha muckle strength i' yer argument, I must confess; but I'm thinking a wee bit o' serious reflection will just convince ye, that sic books and sic places are na calculated to mak good folk better. I must acknowledge that I mysel can see na great harm i' a concert o' music, or a game at whist, and I sometimes play wi

ye, Sandy, at all-fours for amusement, though the kirk, I believe, doesna permit sic things."

True, sister, according to the Poet, you

> 'Compound for sins you are inclin'd to,
> By damning those you have no mind to.'

The usual Marplot now made his appearance, in the shape of Murtoch.

"My ladyship, here's a gentleman in black below, hearing you were from Scotland, has sent up this paper, and I'm to bring him down the tenpennies."

The old lady put on her spectacles, and read as follows:

"MADAM,

As the collection for the Conversion of the Jews commenced yesterday, I am required by the Minister of the Kirk to call on a *chosen few* for their subscriptions. 'The Lord loves a cheerful giver.'

"And so does the Parson, my lady," interrupted Murtoch. The old lady's besetting sin, irritability, now attacked her in full force. That Murtoch should intrude himself, in the midst of an epistle, from

such a quarter, and for such a *holy* purpose, roused the blood into her face, whilst her little nose visibly swelled with its contents, and forgetting her decrepitude and every thing else, with holy indignation she rose, and with all her force discharged her cane at his head; Murtoch stooped, the cane lit upon the sideboard, and made a smash among the glasses. She attempted to speak, but finding it impracticable, she waved her hand, stamped her foot, and pointed to the door.

Her brother, now roused from a violent fit of laughter, in which I longed to join, by the violence of his sister's passion, addressed Murtoch as seriously as he could. "Murtoch, my man, go down, you are too intrusive, my sister thinks."

"But what am I to say to the black sheep below stairs that's waiting for the marvadies?"

This added fuel to the fire. "Black sheep," repeated the old lady, and fell back in her chair, not exactly in a fit, except of passion; and Murtoch having disappeared,

we soon brought Mrs. Calaghaduggan to a state of rationality.

"Is the wretch gone?" she exclaimed. "This is the way I am fashed with that wretched sinner, fra week, to week's end; and you encourage him, brother, by laughing at his wickedness. I'll send him awa hame tul his ain country i' the blessed morning. The Kirk caws for our assistance; Sandy, caw that wicked sinner back; here's a poond note for the conversion of the Hebrew Jews."

Murtoch was now called back, and when the note was placed in his hand, scratching his head, and looking at it, "Ah, my lady," said he, "Stay till I put you in mind of the cobbler, that's without work in the cellar below, with a good-looking wife, and three little barneys, with empty bellies, naked bodies, and nothing to eat at all." "Hoot awa," cried the old lady. "Mighty well," replied Murtoch, in an under tone, as he left the room, "if the black sheep gets this pound note, I'll be a Gentile if the Jews ever get a marvadie of it."

As I had been previously informed, by Mrs. M'Kinley, that the only two subjects on which her brother betrayed the least derangement of intellect, were the conduct of the Elders, his father's executors, the very name of whom always created violent irritability, and his beloved Nelly, I was not so much surprised as I otherwise should have been, at the following scene:—

The old lady not having concluded the above note, her brother, to avoid offending his sister, by further remarks on the Hibernian's wit, took it up, and read as follows:

"Should there be strangers who are evangelically inclined, sojourners in this dwelling, their aid in the heavenly cause is requested by the pious Ministers of the Scotch Kirk; nay, if the servants, from serious impressions, may be led to spare a trifle from their wages, or the children from their pocket-money, their mites will be joyfully received, and carefully deposited in the hands of the pious Elders.

Signed MUCHFAITH M'INTOSH,
Elder of the Kirk."

He had scarcely concluded, ere a visible change took place in the features and

countenance of this unhappy mortal, and crushing the note in his hand with great energy, as he paced the room to and fro, muttering the word Elder! Elder! he at last, as from a sudden impulse of the mind, rushed out of the room; and his sister, fearing some dreadful consequence, besought me, with tears in her eyes, to follow him.

Having reached the bottom of the stairs I heard a scuffle in the front parlour, and advancing, beheld, to my astonishment, a decentish looking man in black, pinned against the wall by the gigantic left-hand of Calaghaduggan, whilst the other brandished the fire-poker, but was restrained from mischief by honest Murtoch, who strained every physical power, both of person and voice, to prevent it.

The picture, I confess, would have been ludicrous enough to an unconcerned observer; but my fears for the dreadful effects that the uncontrolled passion of a momentary maniac, of such herculean powers, might have on the almost fright-

ened-to death Elder of the kirk, led me instantly to interpose, and pressing myself between them, with all the lungs I possessed, I ejaculated, "What, sir, would you destroy an innocent fellow-creature?"

Like lightning, in a moment, a gleam of reason flashed o'er his mind, the poker fell on the floor, and looking round in amazement, like a person newly restored from an epileptic fit, he struck his forehead, whilst a tear of repentant recollection stood in his eye, and taking my hand,—"Thank you, sir," said he, "thank you; I would not, indeed I would not hurt a living creature if I could help it; but my head, sir, my head. Ah! let me apologize to the gentleman."

"There's no kaejon at all for that, yer honour, for by this time he's converting the Jews, at de top of de street, for by de powers, he shot by me like a tennis-ball, de moment yer honour recovered yer senses. Ah, he's de boy for a race, two strides was enough to bring him to the door, widout saying good bye, the d—l

take ye, or any thing at all; och, in a flee skip there was'nt the smallest account of him; but what will become of de Jews, your honour? he has forgot to carry wid him de convarting money;—shall I just drop it down, as a God-send, into the cellar below, for de poor cobbler to feed de naked barneys wid?—A short thanksgiving from the mouths of the little starving spalpeens, will place yer honour's name in the register office above, when your looking after a sarvice in de next world."

"I fancy, Murtoch, this poor cobbler is some relation to you?"

"You may say that, your honour, he's my brodder."

"Calaghaduggan, who in a state of exhaustion had seated himself, having recovered tranquillity of mind, paid close attention to Murtoch's petition, and at the above conclusion, observed,—"Is he your brother, Murtoch? poor fellow, take him the money; but I never heard you had a brother in town?"

"Oh yes, yer honour, a good Catholic

finds a brother in every fellow-crater that needs his assistance."

"And now will I go up stairs and pacify her ladyship; she'll be all over in a parsforation, like a parson in an ague fit, for fear of hostilities."

Then again looking at the note, with a smile, exclaimed as he left the room,—"Ah! by the powers, I'm mighty joyful; we've made a younker of the elder anyhow."

"There is more of the real pith and marrow of Christianity in that poor fellow's soul, than I fear modern theologians would be willing to admit."

"Aye or ancient either, fire and faggot supplied the means of conversion with the latter, power and peculation with the former."

"Ah, sir, that pure and amiable system of divinity, communicated through the great and immaculate Lawgiver, the Prince of Peace and good-will towards mankind, is now become a profitable trade, a lounge for the lazy, a means of supporting vulgar ignorance and impudence, without manual

labour, to which they were brought up, and by which such people can only render themselves useful to society.

"How disgusting it is to behold the walls of every town through which I have passed in this kingdom, covered with indecent advertisements, from illiterate quack doctors, and pick-pocket fanatical preachers; who, I fear, under the mask of Missionary and Bible Societies, and various other charitable purposes, obtain subscriptions from the credulity of the people; and yet not content themselves with laying down the lap-stone, thimble, plane, or barber's basin, throwing off their check-shirts, leather aprons, or smock-frocks, they strut about in black silk stockings, and coal-shovel hats, under the elevated title of the Rev. Mr. Jobson, the cobbler, Mr. Twist, the tailor, Mr. Suds, the barber, &c. &c. They, nevertheless, send their journeymen to foreign parts with full pockets, and on their return with a decently made-up story, supply them again to carry on the deception year after year; whilst

their weak victims, who can find money enough for foreign service, have hearts as hard as iron towards the distresses of their neighbours at home; and can behold without commiseration, such objects as the poor cobbler below, and his family, starving at their very doors, and if taken in the act of soliciting relief, they are sent to the House of Correction, or flogged out of town as rogues and vagabonds. How inconsistent is all this, Mr. Romney."

"Most certainly; charity amongst your plain matter-of-fact people, and modern theologians, is differently understood; the former conceive it to signify simply administering relief, comfort, and consolation to our distressed fellow-creatures; but by the latter it is understood to mean, starving the bodies of our white countrymen at home, to save the souls of our black brethren abroad."

"The blacks, Mr. Romney, are our brethren, all of one father."

"True, sir, and the man who would bind them in the chains of slavery, is a disgrace to the family."

"Do you think so, Mr. Romney?—so do I, give me your hand."

We then retired to Mrs. M'Kinley's room, where we found her listening attentively to Murtoch's account of the scene below stairs.

"Ah, my lady," said he, with a significant look at his mistress's brother, as we came in.

"As I was saying, it would have done your heart good to have seen the looks of the black gentleman down stairs when I showed him the convarting money, but just as I was giving it into his hand, in comes his honour wid a fighting face, thinking, to be sure, that I had'nt obeyed yer ladyship's commandiment; but finding nothing of the sort, he became quite friendly with the black gentleman. Och, it was mighty delightful to see dem embrace, then his honour took him by the hand—hand, no, he took him by surprise, my lady; ah, he was mightily surprised, for he turned up his eyes like a duck in tunder, and had'nt a word to throw at a dog."

"I ken, Murtoch, he was muckle grateful for our donation."

"Ye may say that, my lady, wid yer own good mouth, he was quite in spirits, and skipped away like a dog wid a tin-can at his tail. Oh, by the powers, he was so delighted wid de reception he met wid I'll be bail he'll not call soon again for convarting money, any how."

The last part of Murtoch's speech did not altogether come within Mrs. M'Kinley's comprehension, and she looked at me for an explanation; when observing her brother still somewhat agitated, walking pensively over the room, she declined making any further inquiry; and I took my leave, not only for the evening, but as I then thought, for ever.

It will be naturally supposed, that to a person of my way of thinking, my departure from these most singular and respected individuals, would be accompanied with some unpleasant sensations.

The old lady, her magnanimous brother, the Hibernian footman, and the two poo-

dles, were to me a most interesting group, and with truth I may say, I felt sincere regret at leaving them.

Many a time and oft have I, previously to a long journey, left the nearest and dearest friends without a good-bye. Parting is an unpleasant thing, and there is no occasion to exagitate the feelings by a personal interview; this may be styled unfriendly, but I look upon it in a contrary point of view.

Having, therefore, summoned all my philosophy to my aid, I penned a short note, in my best terms, to Mrs. M'Kinley; and in the morning, seated in the Traveller coach, began to shorten the way towards the *Cottage*, then of *comfort* unequalled.

And thus ended an expedition, into which I was led by inevitable necessity, not by vanity or ambition, or that vain prejudice and blind partiality that authors frequently indulge for the offspring of their brain; no, on the contrary, I had given up all hopes of bringing forward

the Play, when I received the flattering and seductive encomiums of Mr. Kean and the committee of Drury-lane Theatre, owing to which, I travelled five hundred miles, passed five months of complete misery, beyond comparison greater than any I had ever experienced, to no purpose, and at an expense of fifty pounds; my family, at two hundred miles distance, were reduced to a state of pecuniary distress, which might have become serious indeed, had not my kind-hearted Preston friends and relatives, at that moment, providentially stepped in, and conveyed relief to my mind in London, and *comfort* to the Cottage at *Parkgate*.

Like a meteor, in the firmament of friendship, a grateful benediction shot across my mind.

CHAP. XVIII.

As the coach remained all night at Birmingham, it will not be supposed that I should pass through, without calling on my worthy friend Hatoff, who had left town three weeks before me; accordingly, about six in the evening the coach set me down at the Swan, and in a few minutes I assailed the door of my hospitable friend.

I had not the pleasure of being known to either his wife or family, and on being introduced into the drawing-room, I was not much surprised, well knowing his eccentricities, to find my friend endeavouring to lay a London Alderman on the fire, to prevent which, Mrs. H. with her fascinating daughters were so much engaged, that I remained for some time unnoticed. It may be well here to remind my reader, that my little friend prided himself on his

excellence, in giving what is called amongst the fancy, a *cross-buttock;* and I soon found he was now exercising his skill, all in good humour, on the fat Alderman.

Let any one fancy for a moment an elegant room, table covered with viands of most excellent import, four well dressed females surrounding with much anxiety two men of unequal size, in one corner of the room, the larger striving to extricate himself from the too warm embrace of the smaller; for my little friend could not be more than five feet two inches, whilst the other stood at least six, and from corpulence double in size and weight.

The anxiety of the ladies doubtless caused an unpleasant sensation, but it was impossible to avoid risibility in witnessing this whimsical contrast; the little man, like a mouse labouring to overturn a mountain, clinging his short muscular arms round the majestic well-lined rotundity of the alderman, who puffed and struggled in visible alarm to avoid the fire; whilst the other strove to draw him towards it,

formed a group truly laughable. It may be easily supposed this worthy member of the corpo, more used to feats of *gluttony* than *gymnasia*, felt himself unpleasantly situated, and indeed not without cause, for the little gentleman had succeeded, in spite of the Alderman's efforts, and the ladies' intreaties, in forcing him towards the fire, ejaculating;—"Now my boy, I'll give thee my best cross-but in style, and then we'll have another bott of clar."—This intelligence redoubled the worthy Alderman's fears, more from the threatened cross-buttock than the claret, and he struggled and grasped at every thing near him, whilst his red face became literally black with exertion; not from striving to annoy his opponent, but to get out of his clutches; and had not this queer little mortal, by chance cast his eye upon me from under the distressed Alderman's arm, no doubt this great body of loyalty and good living, would have measured his length upon the Turkey carpet. The moment, however, that he observed me,

the devoted Alderman was set at liberty, to regain his breath upon the sofa, and taking my hand with much energy, —"Rom, my dear Rom, is it you?" He then introduced me to his amiable wife and accomplished daughters, for so indeed they were, both personally and mentally, in the fullest sense of the word.

"The Ald and I have had our botts, so I thought I'd give him a little knol in the fancy line. I'm the boy, Rom, an't I; settled coachie's account soon, did'nt I, Rom? That London corpo lies puffing there like a broken winded horse; can stand nothing. Ladies, this is the notorious Itin, vol. 6, and three more on the stocks."—The claret was introduced, the Alderman recovered his wind, the ladies indulged us with music in a first style, and the evening passed in a most pleasing manner.

As it was another coach that now proceeded to Liverpool, it was at my option whether I pursued my journey that day

or the next, and as my friend and his truly delightful family were anxious for my company to dinner the following day, I with pleasure complied.

I have often observed, and know from forty-six years of blessed experience, that of all the comforts it has pleased the Deity, in the plenitude of his goodness to grant poor afflicted humanity, there is none equal to the domestic.

My pleasure, therefore, was much heightened by witnessing the harmony and mutual good humour which encircled this truly happy fireside, for though the little gentleman loved his bottle and his friend, and his heart and hospitable table were open to worth and talent, yet he was by no means a dissipated character; his business always met with his closest attention, and hours of conviviality never interfered with more serious concerns.

My time of course passed pleasantly, and the dinner party he had invited to meet me, rendered the afternoon *literally*, the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The worthy alderman, who on the preceding day so narrowly escaped the cross-buttock, and whom I designated with the fictitious title of Gobble, out of tenderness to the delicacy of his feelings, and from the close resemblance his mode of speaking bore to the oratory of that pompous animal, the Turkey Cock, made one of the party.

As it is my wish to avoid circumlocution as much as possible, and to pass over unnoticed scenes that have no interest attached to them, I shall only observe on one circumstance, before I take my leave of this pleasant party, and that is the speech of the alderman, which, being the most singular thing of the kind I had ever met with, if it be in my power to convey any adequate idea, it may be entertaining, though perhaps the effort may be ineffectual, and unintelligible to the reader, as the speech was to those who heard it.

Most of his words, if they deserved that appellation, when, as little Hat observed, the alderman had had his bot, were, owing

to his tongue being too large for his mouth, unintelligible, more particularly whenever he gave vent to his loyal feelings, and as the noise he made upon these occasions so nearly resembled the name I have given him, Gobble, there is no mode that I know of so likely to convey to the imagination the alderman's mode of speaking, than occasionally to introduce it.

The health of the lord mayor and corporation was given with all the usual honours, after a considerable pause, and pocket-handkerchief application being made with sonorous effect to the nasal organ, then drawn quickly over the mouth, this worthy sample of that erudite body, rose, in their name, to return thanks.

It may, perhaps, be as well to give first the real meaning, if it had any, of this loyal speech, for the reader's information.

"Mr. Mayor!—Mr. President, I mean, —I beg a hundred pardons—a whimsical mistake, upon my life—I was not prepared for this kind of thing.

"Mr. President, I rise, most deeply im-

pressed with the high honour you have done my brother Aldermen, of the ancient and honourable city of London. Sound men, sir, and true.—No grumbling—Radicals—Reformers—Jacobins—down with em—ought to be sent to Botany Bay. Love country—hate the French—Church and King—down with the rump.

"I shall now sit down, Mr. President, with that feeling that every man that is true to his King and his Church, will feel at the bottom of his British, loyal, patriotic heart."

So much for the *literal*, now for the *mysterious*.

"Mr. Mayor—a—beg *hubble bubble* pardon—whimsical, upon my *gobble gobble*—was not prepared for—a—*maw waw*—that kind of thing.—(Applause.)

"Mr. President, I rise, *hubble bubble*—deeply im—*gobble gobble*—with the high, *hobble nobble*, done to my brother *gobble gobbles*, of the ancient and *hubble bubble* city of *hobble squabble*.—Sound men, sir, and *trolibobble*.—No *grumble bumble* Radi-

cals, Reformers, Jacobins, *wobble tuligob bobble*—down with em—*gobble gobble*.---Botany Bay.---Love country *gobble gobble*.----Hate the French.----Church and *hubble bubble*----down with the Rumple *bubble*.

"I shall now sit down, Mr. President, with that *hubble bubble, gobble gobble---maw waw waw*---that every man who is true to his *hobbleum* and his *gobbleum*, will always *blether* a *wethera* at the bottom of his British, loyal *humbleum bumbleum, maw waw waw waw*---heart.

This specimen of Aldermanic oratory, notwithstanding now and then a copious discharge of loyal saliva, met, as might be expected, with a most happy reception. The whole party were in chinks of laughter, and the little gentleman frequently threw out a "bravo, Gob, that's my boy; well done, Ald," and at the conclusion declared that there was nothing on earth equal to it, but his Italian bravura. "I'm not in glo, my lads, or I'd give it you."

My worthy friend accompanied me that

evening to the Inn, and over a glass and a segar we laughed an hour away, endeavouring to repeat the choice specimens of aldermanic oratory we had been so recently indulged with.

The next morning early I left Birmingham, and the close of evening brought me to my Cottage-door.

CHAP. XIX.

Were I otherwise situated than I now am, I could find a pleasure in describing my then enviable and *never*-to-be-forgotten reception; enviable, indeed, for sure never man spent happier hours; could I recall them, the wealth of the Indies, nay, the world, would not be too dear a purchase. Alas, alas.

I will not attempt to disturb the narrative, by endeavouring to awaken the reader's commiseration in an attempt at description, of what it is impossible to describe, only venturing a hope that those allowances will be made, which misery demands from the humane and feeling.

More especially when it is found that the Author of this work is under the painful necessity, after all the hardships he has

gone through, of finishing these pages in the very place on which the *lively*, the *dear*, the *kind*, the *talented* little female, that for *seven* and *forty* years smoothed every sorrow, and proved the only comfort of his heart, *breathed her last*, and took with her from this world every thing that rendered life desirable. "Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt."

If, therefore, the humonrous part of the following narrative is found to flag in interest, it is hoped the reader will attribute the deficiency to the real cause, a dejection of spirits, that nothing but the chilling hand of death can ever remove.

My finances enabled me to pass eight weeks in happy rural felicity, and unalloyed domestic comfort; bliss I will call it, for indeed it was too much for humanity to be blessed with long.

The season was delightful, and the glorious sun shone early each morning on my Cot, when grateful I rose with the lark, and listened to his thanksgiving song, with a heart rising from the creature to its Cre-

ator, drawing vile comparisons between my present state and the one I had recently left.

The dreadful walls of Drury, like a dark dungeon, from which I had just been released, stood before me, whilst the hoots and hisses of its inquisitorial inhabitants still vibrated in my tortured ear, and when I compared those scenes with the present, no wonder I exclaimed, most fervently, *God grant* a continuance of it; but, alas! fate had decreed it otherwise, and although every wish of my heart was centered in domiciliary comfort, soon, too soon I found myself forced again into public notice, and obliged to wade through the filth of public life, where noise, riot, and dissipation were to become substitutes for calm repose and fireside felicity.

By dissipation I do not mean drunkenness and debauchery, but what is called, and really is, hospitable conviviality, an almost continual round of which is what a public character, possessed of powers to sow the seeds of mirth and rational socia-

bility, cannot avoid, if he consults his interest; and this I call dissipation, at least in comparison with the more temperate and peaceful enjoyments I alone languished for, and never did I sit at great men's tables, endeavouring to make myself what is called good company, but ever and anon a sigh escaped, with a hope that my efforts might further my interest, and enable me to remit some little comfort to the cottage at Parkgate.

'He needs must go when necessity drives,' is an adage verified by every day's experience, and never have I for twenty years lain in the same bed three months together, but necessity turned me out of it in the fourth.

Money, all-powerful money, the bane and the antidote, the principal cause of almost all the pleasure and misery of life, must be obtained, and honestly too, or existence soon will cease.

The silver breakers of the lovely Dee gently washed the foot of the little hill

on which my cottage stood, the larks hovered o'er our heads, my animals lay basking on the grass plot, and the little woman that so often cheered my drooping spirits, sat by my side on the green seat before my door;—the scene was lovely, but alas! anticipation of evil is wormwood in the sweet cup of comfort; for lovely as it was, all must soon be left, the thoughts of which damped every enjoyment.

But what avails the melancholy reflection—the heart-piercing pang—the parting kiss—*perhaps for ever*, according to the will of Providence and the nature of things, pass but a few short years, and this now comfortable cot, and all which in it doth inherit shall dissolve, and become a lump of matter, moulded into other forms for different items of utility.---Imperial Cæsar turned to clay, &c. &c.

I was led to these unpleasant reflections, on receiving a letter from the Manager of the Glasgow Theatre, with the offer of an engagement for a month, on terms so libe-

ral, that situated as I then was, and I fear always shall be, it would have been the height of imprudence not to have accepted, for the small sum of pecuniary ammunition I possessed on my arrival, after a six weeks' siege, cut but a ghastly appearance, and comforts for the Cot must be supplied, let what would become of its owner.

"Thou art too sensitive," said Nanny. "Why anticipate evil? It is like opening the door of a castle to admit an enemy, when the garrison can stand a three months' siege."

"True, my love, but our little castle cannot stand a three weeks' siege; before that time, without reinforcements the garrison must capitulate."

It may be thought, and perhaps with reason, that I am too fond of dwelling on domestic feeling, and represent myself as a miracle of connubial affection—a sort of fireside fanatic. Such, indeed, is my character, and the feeling reader will not be hurt at my mounting so harmless a hobby-horse.

I will, however, if possible, dismount, and pad the hoof along the more public path of general interest; leaving the Cottage and its comforts to vegetate in obscurity for one long long year.

Omitting, then, all superfluous descriptions, affecting adieus, stammering good-byes, distant waving of hands, on the 23rd of January, 1821, I left Parkgate, and with it all I valued on earth, and the next day set out for Glasgow.

No occurrence worthy notice took place on the road, except the usual routine of getting in and out, eating little, paying much, observation on weather, vallies, mountains, &c. &c.

One circumstance, however, should not be omitted, because it may be a means of checking that strong propensity, so prevalent amongst mankind, to form immediate opinions of character from first impressions. It is frequently uncharitable, and nine times in ten proves erroneous.

As I waited in the Liverpool Coach-Office for the Mail to come up, at seven

in the evening, seated by the fire, for it was cold and dark, a gentleman, in truly poker-like position, entered the office, took a place, and seemed anxious for the time of starting—my carpet-bag, at that moment, fell from the counter. I rose to replace it, and on my return found my chair occupied by the said upright gentleman, who, without any apology, maintained his situation, in perpendicular attitude, and pompous gravity, that hurt my feelings not a little.

"Does this man mean to insult me, or is it a way he has got?" a mode of apology some good-natured simpletons make for the imprudence and insolence of their friends.

"Who can it be? some one who knows I'm poor, and, as usual, hates me for it." The glimmering lamp only served to render darkness visible, and could not gratify my curiosity.

The horn summoned the passengers, and before I could reach the coach-door this upright character had seated himself in the very place I had fixed upon, and had left my

great-coat as my representative. There could be no expostulation, for he had, doubtless, as much right to choice as I had.

Having seated myself, I passed some time in conjecture. He must be a Manchester man, proud, selfish, and ignorant, one of your full-pocket and empty-headed unfeeling fellows, who would gormandize at a feast, yet grumble to give a shilling to the poor.

How apt are we to judge harshly of people, from the feeling of the moment, more especially when those feelings are irritated by imaginary neglect.

Thus we rode on in silence till we entered Preston, when I observed by the light of the lamps, my upright neighbour seize hold of an old lady's beaver who sat opposite to him, and drew it towards him with considerable force, upon which she roared out, "Hold yer hond, sir, ye've got hold o' my bonnet."

Finding his mistake he felt a little higher, and found his hat, which he had hung on

the strings at the top of the coach, for which he had mistaken the lady's bonnet. The coach that moment stopping prevented any reply, for all parties were busied in dismounting, to make way for the change of coach, which always takes place at Preston.

Refreshments were spread at the Inn, and ten minutes allowed, so that dispatch was the word.

I had seated myself at supper, and taken to my plate the leg of a fowl, when recollecting that my umbrella was left in the coach, I ran hastily to obtain it, and to my surprise, on my return, found my fellow-traveller had occupied my chair, and was in the act of devouring my fowl's leg most voraciously, without making use of either knife or fork, as I thought, for expedition sake.

I was about to expostulate, when he abruptly interrupted me, "Some bread, if you please, sir?" I found myself, I must confess, very awkwardly situated. There was a something in the man's look which

now, I could plainly discern, that pleaded much in his favour.

To a vacant kind of stare, there was added a benignity of feature, that made rudeness less reconcileable.

The horn again summoned the passengers, the lady was at the coach-door, for she did not enter the Inn, and we were observing on the strange conduct of the gentleman, when he came against us with such force, that the lady was nearly upset, and my hat tumbled into the kennel.

Having recovered myself, and not choosing to bear such treatment any longer with impunity, I exclaimed, rather hastily,

"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, sir?" to which he replied, taking off his hat most gracefully,

"Indeed I am, sir; but I hope you will attribute this accident to the real cause—my *total want* of *sight*."

And this was really the fact, for the poor man, with apparently good eyes, was absolutely as blind as a bat.

It may easily be supposed my feelings

were hurt at the abrupt sentence, I had, through ignorance, just made use of to this truly worthy but unfortunate man, and I apologised to him in the best terms I could select, which had such an effect on his sensitive mind, that grasping my hand, he exclaimed, with some energy,

"Thank you, my dear sir, the obligation is on my side, for even if I had conceived myself insulted, which is impossible, you know Sheridan says, 'An affront handsomely apologised for becomes an obligation.'"

This gentleman was on his way to Keswick, in the capacity of Teacher, on the Piano and Organ, and if his success has proved equal to his mental endowments, his life may probably be as happy as I wish it.

On leaving Preston we found an additional passenger, an elderly gentleman, of prepossessing appearance, neat and plain in apparel, and simple in manners. He said little, but when he spoke, a benignant

smile accompanied his words, which seemed to say, 'All's right within.'

I had long flattered myself that I possessed a singular talent in quick discrimination of character, and could not be long in any person's company, without finding out his country, profession, and opinions; but I now found myself puzzled. This gentleman had no peculiarity of dress, and though easy of access, seemed by no means communicative, yet what he did say pleased me much, for it was of a truly liberal cast. A circumstance, however, took place before we arrived at Lancaster, which both opened his mouth, his heart, and his pocket; and I have reason to think the two latter, with him, generally went hand in hand.

A poor old woman happened to be seated on the outside of the coach. It rained hard, and as there was a vacant seat, I prevailed on the coachman to permit her to occupy it till the rain abated.

She sat opposite to me, so that I had a full view of her. She was clean, but coarsely

clad, and seemingly in great dejection of spirits. A silent tear glistened in her eye, and a deep-fetched sigh often escaped from her breast.

Though I do not confess myself guilty of all the cardinal virtues, yet as a set-off against many many vicious propensities, I never yet could, and I most sincerely thank God for it, avoid warmly participating in the affliction of other animals, whether human or brute.

"You are fatigued with your journey, I fear; how far have you come to-day?"

"Only from Manchester, sir, thank you for asking; few think the distresses of poor people worthy notice."

The gentleman opposite, on hearing this, showed much attention.

"I live in Tib-lane, sir; I am a widow, and have been so for many years. I am unable to work, and my only son, who long has laboured for my subsistence, lies on his death-bed, at Kendal, and I am now going to give a loving mother's last blessing to a kind and dutiful son."

We had entered the town of Lancaster, and the rattling of the carriage rendered the remaining part of what she said rather unintelligible; however, we heard enough to find that her state of mind was truly pitiable; she likewise appeared faint, most probably for lack of sustenance.

"The coach will presently stop; let me request you will permit me to provide you with a little refreshment?"

"No, no;" replied the gentleman, with a pleasing abruptness, at the same time holding up his finger to his forehead, as much as to say, Leave it all to me, "It must not be."

"Not be! why so, sir?"

"Because the business of this life is the just discharge of all our debts, and we are indebted to every one who stands in need of our assistance. This good woman is, therefore, a creditor of mine in particular. I live in Kendal; her son is in affliction there; and you must give me leave to discharge my debts before you put in a claim to cancel yours."

The coach stopped, and the dialogue ceased; however, I fully determined to do all I could for this distressed person, as soon as I had seen my luggage safe. This done, I hastened into the Inn, and found the good woman seated by the fire, with a plentiful breakfast before her.

"I thank you, sir," said she, "for your kind intentions; but the good Mr. Wakefield has supplied me with every thing necessary; God bless him."

My intentions were thus pleasingly frustrated; she was amply supplied, and when I heard the name of Wakefield, I regretted much the want of prior information, having long, from report, held the name and character of this gentleman in high estimation, to which, if any addition be necessary, the title of Quaker, amongst thinking people, will add to its value.

The poor old woman was the only passenger that proceeded with me to Kendal, and I arrived at the King's Arms that evening, where I found the following excellent epistle, from an eccentric friend, dated

Chorley, Lancashire. As the contents are amusing, I shall give it verbatim:

"*To Mr. ROMNEY, King's Arms, Kendal.*

THE RANTERS AND THE ROARERS.

MY DEAR SIR,

As I know, from pleasant experience, that you are a queer sort of article yourself, and have no objection occasionally to publish a *queer* article in your Itinerant, I send you the following *queer* contest, which took place the other evening in this town, between two of those queer sets of beings called *Ranters* and *Roarers*, alias the *Camp Methodists*, and the Strolling Players.

"The Comedians and the Ranters, unfortunately for both, in this little town, occupy the same building, in which there are two rooms only, one over the other. The sons and daughters of Melpomone display their histrionic talent in the lower apartment, and the loud vociferating Theologians, thunder out their anathemas in the room above.

"Travellers, you will easily conceive, are frequently at a loss for some rational mode of passing time during the long winter evenings, when the hour of business is gone by. It was, therefore, with the anticipation of an hour's pleasant relaxation I beheld a Play-bill on the table, in the Travellers' room, on which was displayed at some length Sheridan's popular Play of *Pizarro*.

As I am rather partial to the piece, I left the Inn in eager expectation of the 'coming joy.'

"But, alas! how vain are our best formed plans of happiness; how futile our most sanguine expectations.

"When I arrived at this mansion of motley exhibitions, I found the door surrounded with what Burke styled the 'Swinish Multitude," from whence arose shouts that pierced the air, with repeated exclamations of 'Now Peter, now Paul.'

"On inquiry, I found that Mr. Peter managed the Theatre below, and Mr. Paul superintended the Rantings above; and believe me, sir, the parties thus conjoined might fairly compete with the famed Tower of Babel, for confusion of discord, and villainous sounds

"At the moment I arrived, it seems, the rolling of Pizarro's drum, and the roaring of the victorious Peruvians below, so much overpowered the yelling of the Ranters above, that Manager Paul was under the necessity of descending, and condescending to hold a parley with Manager Peter, within the unhallowed precincts of the Pit; but as Saint Paul found it impossible to persuade Peter to desist till the conclusion of the piece, the aforesaid Paul would fain have retired to his attics; but here a detainer was put in; for Manager Peter informed the astonished Paul, that no one ever entered the precincts of his Theatre without paying for their admittance; two shillings was the Pit price, and two shillings *must* be paid.

"The Landlord too, who took money each evening at the door till he had secured enough to pay himself

for the use of the room, aided Manager Peter in his demand, and between them the pious Paul was jostled about to the no small amusement of the populace, who hailed them with 'Well done, Paul; now, Peter,' till the affrighted Ranter, never having witnessed such scenes before, fancied himself in the infernal regions, threw down the contents of his pockets, amounting to one shilling and sixpence, a part of what was left from the last plate handing, for the conversion of the Jews, and was then permitted to return to his exalted flock, amidst the acclamations of the surrounding mob.

"This ludicrous scene amply repaid me for the time I past in the street; and I approached the Pit door, in hopes of more serious gratification, and placing two shillings in the hands of the Landlord, seated myself in the middle of the Pit, containing six benches only, quite enough and to spare, for the whole audience consisted of no more than ten persons.

"The disappointed Ranter, Paul, writhing under the loss of his one and sixpence, together with the hellish din from the infernal regions below, determined not to pass it over in silence. Accordingly, as there were several loose boards in the floor of this ruinous mansion, the wily Paul drew up one of them, and through the cavity began to hiss the rebellious Roarers, exclaiming at intervals, 'Sinners—Wicked sinners—Hell-born, hell-deserving sinners,' &c. &c.

"Now though no set of ladies and gentlemen, in the known world, are blessed with patience and long-suffering, obtained by woful experience, more than the ladies

and gentlemen of the sock and buskin, except the readers of Elder M'Gavin's silly Letters to the Philanthropic Mr. Owen, of New Lanark, yet a *worm* will turn when trod upon, and as the worthy Roarers below were literally under the feet of the Ranters, and were not only trod upon but hissed upon, Manager Peter conceived himself in duty bound to avenge his insulted friends both before the curtain and behind it.

"Accordingly, in a short time after Paul had withdrawn his hissing head, and the congregated Ranters were listening to his reprobating sepulchral tones, we observed a Peruvian trumpeter, in full costume, enter the Pit, with a small ladder, and placing it against a beam near the vacancy above, opened by Paul, introduced his copper-coloured countenance, black hair, and whiskers, through the floor, at the same time accompanying his strange appearance with a tremendous blast of the trumpet, sounding a retreat. The Ranting ceased, and the affrighted Ranters retreated with such precipitation that they literally tumbled one over another.

"This had the desired effect, and the noise above that immediately took place, resembling the clattering of school-boys' feet, when the master at 12 o'clock pronounces the joyous sentence, 'You may all go.'

"In a few moments the whole congregation were dispersed, in fear and trembling, for they all looked upon the poor Peruvian trumpeter, as an infernal minstrel arising from the bottomless pit, and the unfortunate Paul, left solus in his exalted chair, beholding the trumpeter from the lower regions still in his offen

sive attitude, instantly discharged at his head, with all possible force, one of the brazen candlesticks from his table, exclaiming, 'Down, thou busy devil, thou hast sent away the saints before the *collection* was made.'

"The trumpeter, wisely avoiding the brass supporter of temporal light, descended with all possible expedition; and the account of his victory over the disappointed Paul, created a hearty laugh, and the piece proceeded to a conclusion without further interruption.

"Make what use you please of this letter, and believe me, I shall be happy if it is found worthy of a place in your next publication.

Yours sincerely, &c.

RICHARD RIDER."

I have recently inquired amongst my worthy Chorley friends, and find that this humourous letter is founded on fact, though embellished by the writer's fruitful imagination.

END OF VOL. I.

THEATER ARTS-15 DEC 1953

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